

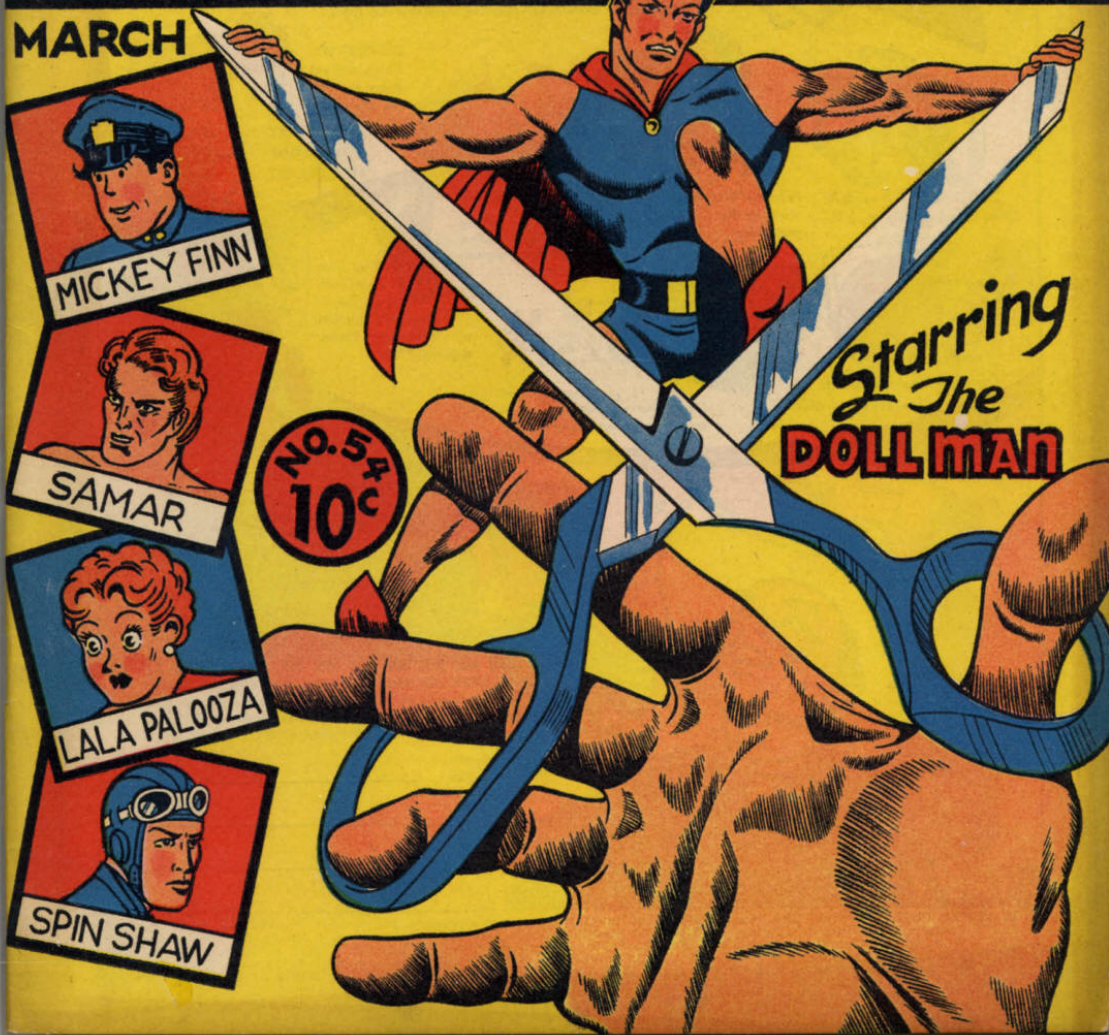


FEATURE

COMICS

Small circular logo: GALT COMIC

MARCH



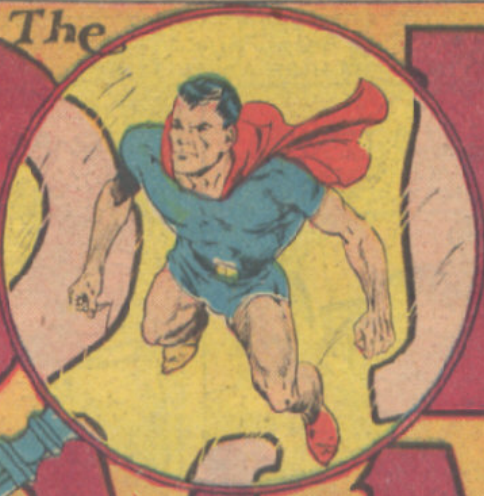
Starring
The
DOLL MAN



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

The

By
WILLIAM
ERWIN
MAXWELL



DOLL MAN

DARREL DANE, A FRIEND OF DR. ROBERTS, RENOWNED SCIENTIST, IS A CONSTANT THORN IN THE SIDE OF ALL CRIMINALS, WHOM HE BATTLES IN THE PERSON OF THE DOLL MAN, A DIMINUTIVE DESTROYER OF DASTARDLY DEEDS.

DRIVING TO THE NORFOLK NAVAL BASE FOR A CONFERENCE, MARTHA, DR. ROBERTS AND DARREL, DISCUSS THE SCIENTIST'S NEW INVENTION.

THIS "ARDIC" INVENTION CAN ALSO DETECT SUBS LYING ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

I THINK THE NAVY IS GOING TO BE TICKLED WITH IT, BUT IT WON'T BE FUNNY TO THE ENEMY!



ARRIVING AT THE NAVY YARD, THE TRIO BOARD A DESTROYER WHERE THEY OUTLINE DR. ROBERTS' INVENTION TO HIGH NAVAL OFFICIALS.



I THINK IT'S GOING TO BE A VALUABLE ASSET, DOCTOR. NOW, WILL YOU ALL JOIN US FOR LUNCH?

A HOT CAULDRON OF SOUP IS CARRIED IN.



AS THE MESS BOY REACHES THE SCIENTIST, HE STUMBLES, THROWING THE STEAMING LIQUID. . . .



BUT A QUICK KICK BY DARREL SAVES DR. ROBERTS FROM A HORRIBLE SCALDING.



LOOK OUT!

VELLY SOLLY, DOCTOR. ME MUCH CLUMSY! THIS HUMBLE CREATURE MUCH SAD!



ITURI WILL NOT FAIL NEXT TIME! ALL ENEMIES OF JAPAN MUST BE DESTROYED!



LET'S GO UP ON DECK, DAD! I NEED SOME AIR AFTER THAT SCARE!



AS THE DINING SALON EMPTIES, TWO SHIFTY-EYED SAILORS RUN IN.

WHO'S GOT THOSE INVENTION PLANS, ITURI?

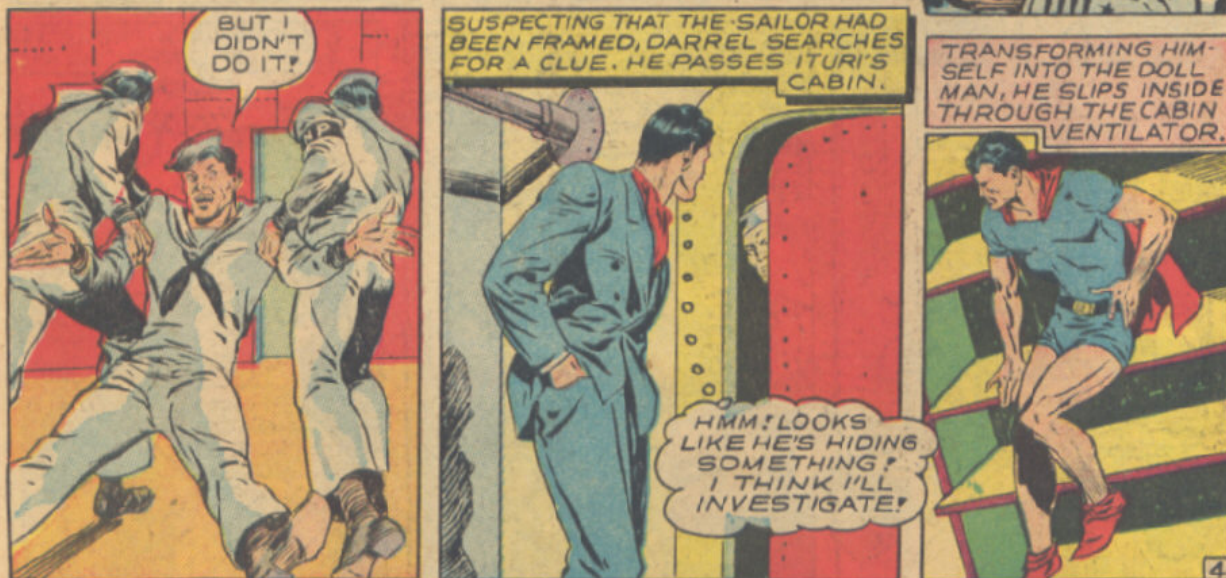
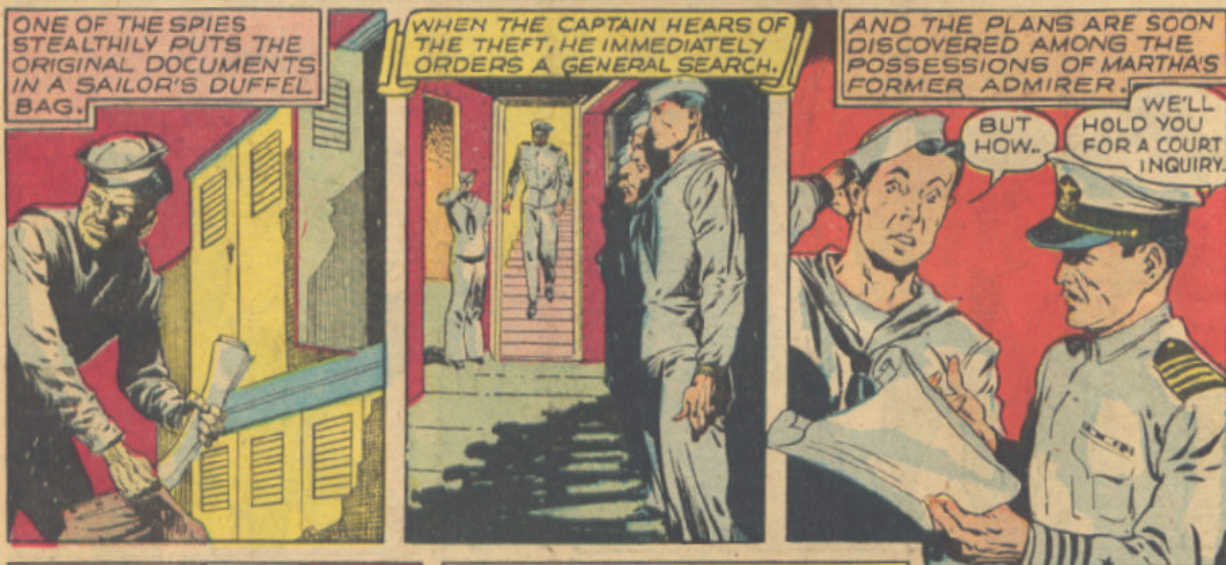
DR. ROBERTS!



WE MUST GET THEM FOR THE AXIS POWERS!









AS THE JAP SPY PASSES MARTHA, SHE IS THINKING OUT LOUD.

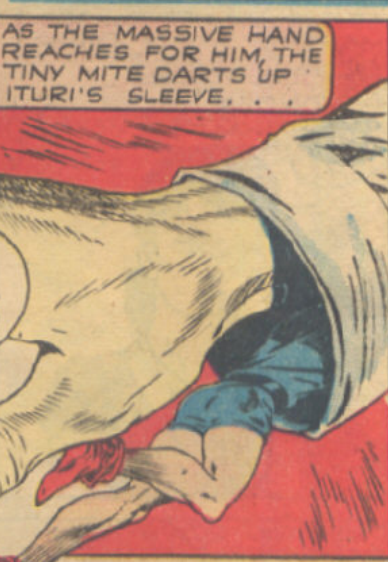
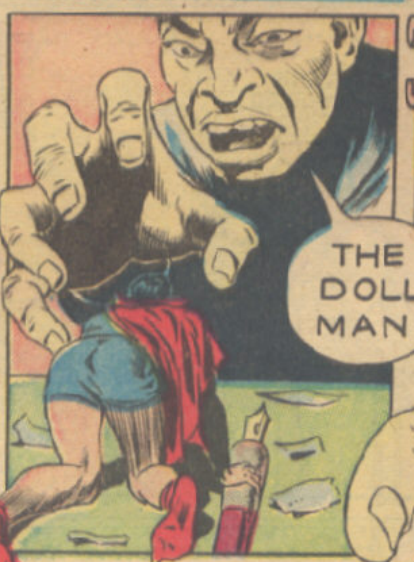


THE TRIO ROWS TO A RAMSHACKLE FRAME HOUSE ON THE WATERFRONT.



INSIDE THE BAG, THE MIGHTY MITE HAS DISCOVERED THE PLANS AND RIPS THEM TO SHREDS.





LEAPING ON ITURI, HIS TWO CONFEDERATES POUND HIM TO A PULP, ATTEMPTING TO CATCH THE SMALL DYNAMO.

THAT'S IT!
JUMP ON HIM...
CRUSH HIM!

TEAR HIS
CLOTHES OFF!
WE'LL GET
HIM!

OUCH!
STOP!
YOU'RE
KILLING
ME!

HAW! HAW!
YOU GUYS
ARE A
RIOT!

BUT I'M GOING
TO START A
NEW PANIC!

HERE'S A CHIN
MASSAGE
FOR YOU!

THE DOLL MAN USES
THE BANISTER FOR
A QUICK EXIT.

WHEN HE REACHES THE
STREET, HE CHANGES BACK
TO DARREL DANE.

LEAVING THE ENEMY AGENTS
SPRAWLED IN A HEAP.

I USED
TO DO THIS
WHEN I
WAS A
KID!

I WON'T
TURN THOSE
RATS IN YET.
MAYBE I
CAN FIND OUT
WHO THE HIGH-
ER UPS
ARE!



WHAT HAPPENED? SOMEONE MUST HAVE THROWN A BOMB!

WE MUST GET NEW COPIES OF THE PLANS!



HELLO, ITURI! HOW ABOUT A LIFT BACK TO THE BOAT?

EH? WELL ALL RIGHT!



WHERE'D YOU GET THAT BLACK EYE? DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S NOT NICE TO FIGHT!

I BUMP INTO SOMETHIN'!



WELL, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

RAT HUNTING!



MARTHA IS TOLD OF SPIES ON BOARD ATTEMPTING TO GET HER FATHER'S INVENTION.

GET THOSE PLANS FROM YOUR DAD!



DARREL SAID THEY'LL BE SAFER WITH HIM!

THEY'RE IN THAT CLOSET, HONEY!



YES? WHAT IS IT?

MR. DANE SAY MISSY GIVE PAPERS TO ITURI FOR CAPTAIN TO PUT IN SAFE!



BUT THE GIRL'S SUSPICIONS ARE AROUSED.

WHY SHOULD DARREL SEND HIM TO DELIVER THE PLANS.

NEVER MIND... I'LL DO IT MYSELF!



AWARE THAT HIS RUSE HAS FAILED, THE JAP SPY RESORTS TO DIRECT ACTION.

MM-FF! HEL-LP!

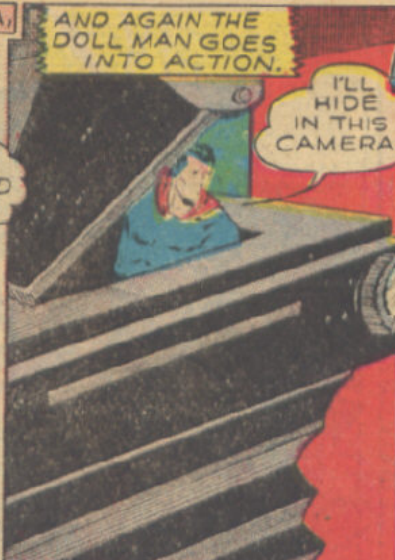
YOU TOO SMART!

IMPATIENTLY WAITING FOR MARTHA, DARREL GOES TO INVESTIGATE. IN TIME TO SEE MARTHA, DRAGGED INTO ITURI'S CABIN.



THEY'VE GOT MARTHA AND THE PLANS!

AND AGAIN THE DOLL MAN GOES INTO ACTION.



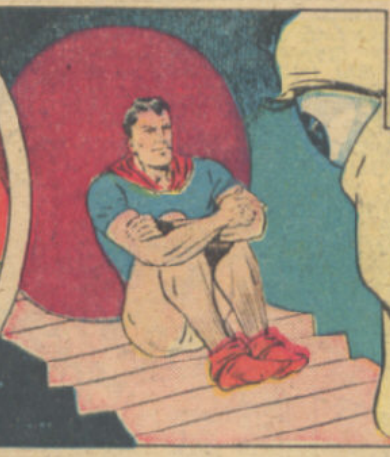
I'LL HIDE IN THIS CAMERA!

AFTER TYING THE GIRL, ITURI AGAIN DECIDES TO PHOTOGRAPH THE PLANS.



THIS TIME THERE MUST BE NO SLIP-UP!

THE CAMERA... IT DOES NOT WORK? LET ME SEE IF THERE IS ANY FILM?



WITH A HOWL OF RAGE, THE JAP GRABS THE CAMERA AND BEGINS TO PRESS THE BELLOWS TOGETHER.



I'LL CRUSH YOU!

KICKING A HOLE IN THE CAMERA, THE DOLL MAN DROPS TO THE GROUND.



THAT GUY HAS A NASTY TEMPER!

I'LL HAVE THESE ROPES OFF IN A JIFFY!



AS THE DIMINUTIVE FIGURE IS FREEING MARTHA, THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS ESCAPE WITH THE PLANS.



COME ON, I GOT 'EM!

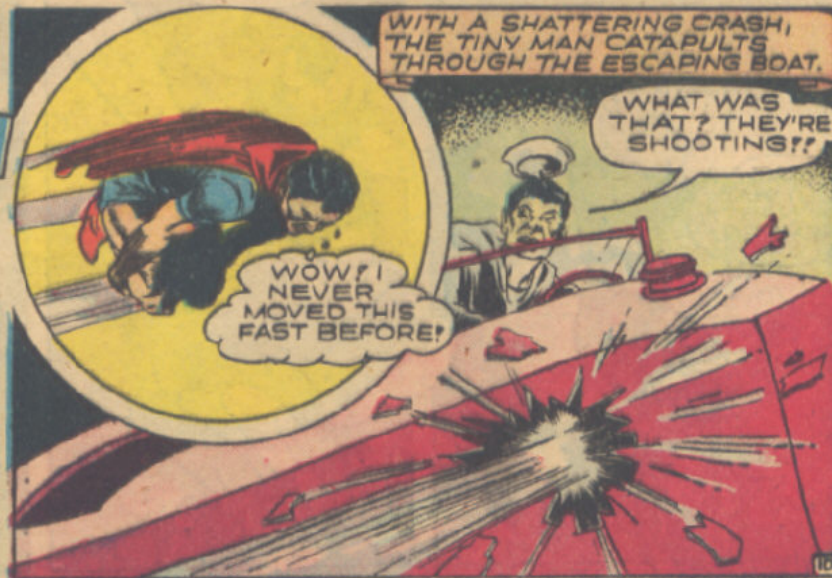
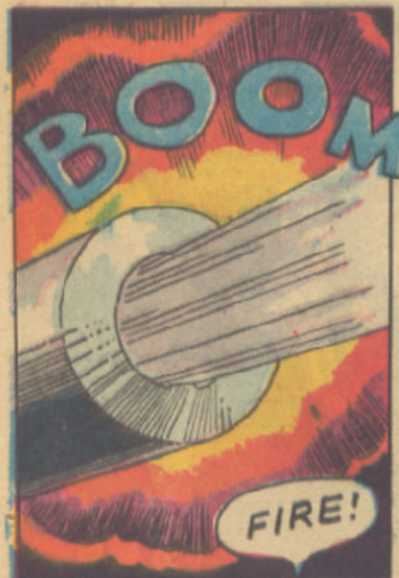
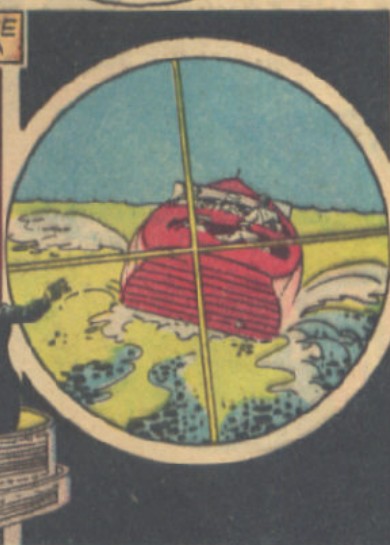
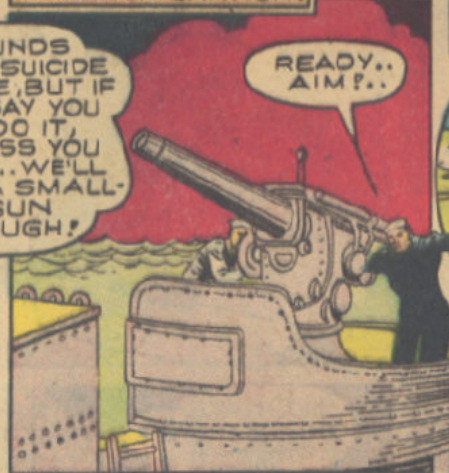
THEY LEAP INTO A WAITING MOTOR BOAT.

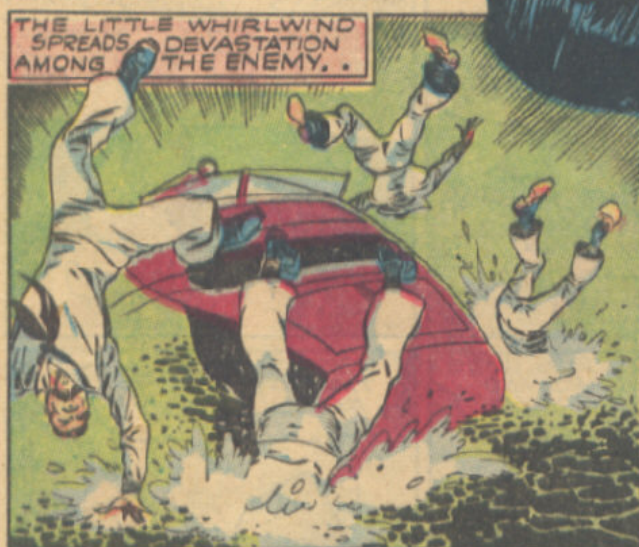


AND IN A FEW MINUTES, THE DESTROYER IS LEFT BEHIND.

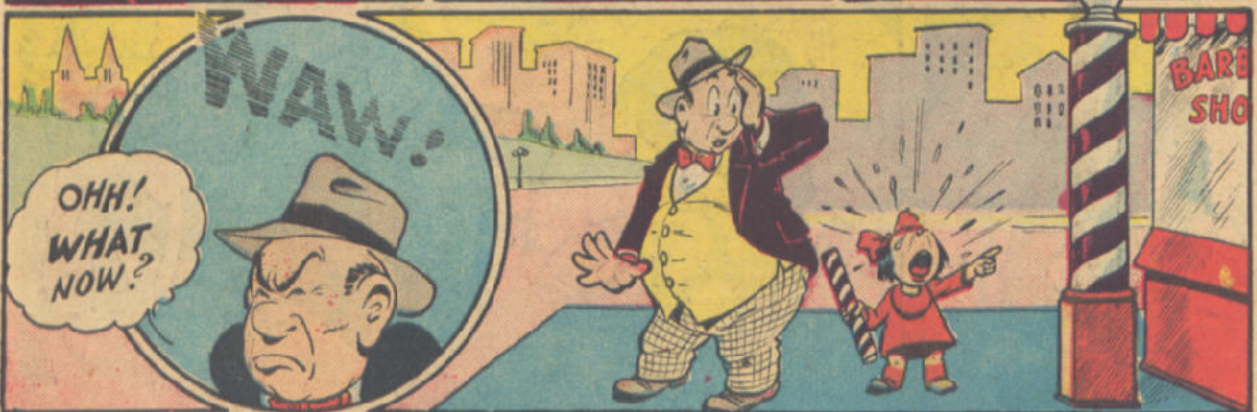
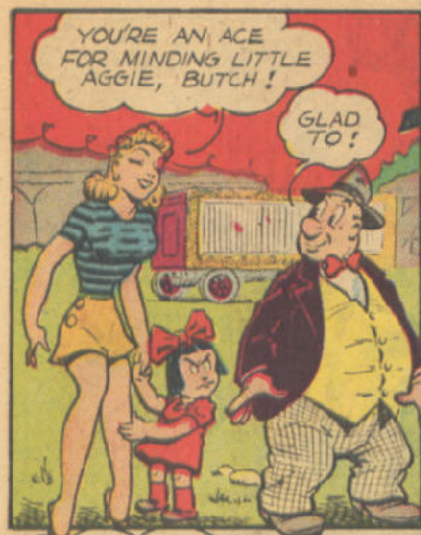


SO THE DARING LITTLE PACKAGE OF DYNAMITE IS PLACED IN A TEN INCH CANNON.





Don't miss the next sensational installment of The Doll Man.



BIG TOP

KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE, BUTCH!

WATCHING BEAUTY PARADES IS NO TROUBLE!

SAY! ARE YOU IN THAT BATHING REVIEW?

YES, I'M ENTERED, BUT I'M LATE NOW!

THERE GOES THAT NIFTY DIVING VENUS IN OUR SHOW --
HI - DORINE!

BACK UP, BUSTER! YA CAN'T BILLY-GOAT YER WAY THROUGH THERE!

THERE'S A DIME MUSEUM 'BOUT A MILE BACK ON THE BOARDWALK --
BEAT IT!

LOOK AT THAT CROWD. WAITING FOUR DEEP -- YOU'LL NEVER GET TO SEE IT, BUTCH!

I'LL FIND SOME PLACE TO ROOT FOR YOU!

HELP! I'LL NEVER GET A LOOK THROUGH THAT MOB!

NOW, WHAT WOULD A GREAT STATESMAN DO, FOR INSTANCE, IN SUCH A NATIONAL EMERGENCY?

YA BEEN STANDIN' ON YOUR FEET TOO LONG!

HI, DORINE!
NICE GOIN', KID!

COUNTY JAIL

Enjoy Big Top each and every month in FEATURE COMICS.

ZERO

by
Noel Fowler

Ghost Detective

A BREAK CIRCUMSTANCE COMBINES WITH A SETTING OF MOSS-HUNG BAYOUS, TO PROVIDE ZERO WITH AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A DOUBLE-HEADED PLAY AGAINST THE DISTURBING ELEMENT OF HUMAN SPIRITS RETURNING FROM THE HEREAFTER.

THE GHOST DETECTIVE
PONDERS OVER THE
CONTENTS OF A LETTER.

HMM.. MELANIE ROYTER.. HAVEN'T SEEN HER IN YEARS.. SAYS SHE'D LIKE ME TO VISIT HER DOWN SOUTH.. GUESS I COULD USE A VACATION..

SHORTLY AFTER.

GET THIS WIRE OFF AT ONCE TO MELANIE ROYTER, CLAYVILLE, FLORIDA.

YES, SIR!

BOARDING A SOUTH-BOUND EXPRESS, ZERO HEADS FOR UNFAMILIAR TERRITORY.



AT THE DESERTED CLAYVILLE STATION.



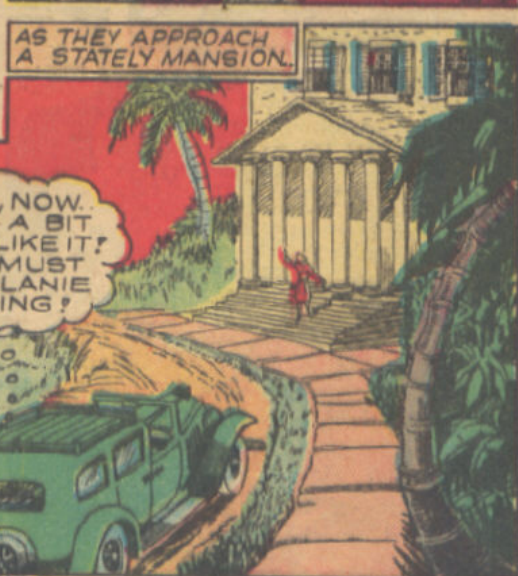
MISTUH ZERO,
GUH? RIGHT
DIS WAY?

GRIMLY SILENT, THE CHAUFFEUR DRIVES
TOWARD THE ROYTER ESTATE....

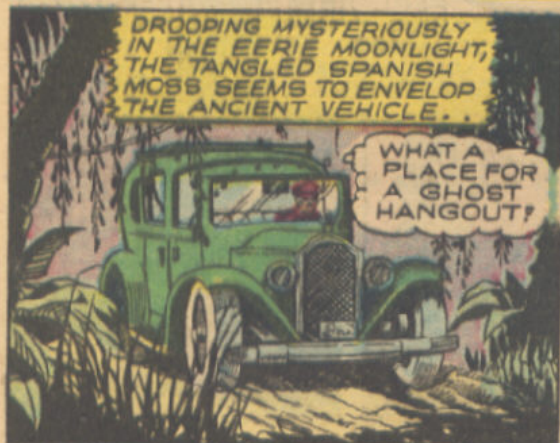


... TALK ABOUT
HEARTY SOUTHERN
HOSPITALITY!
THIS FELLOW
MUST BE
THE FAMILY
MUMMY!

AS THEY APPROACH
A STATELY MANSION.



DROOPING MYSTERIOUSLY
IN THE EERIE MOONLIGHT,
THE TANGLED SPANISH
MOSS SEEMS TO ENVELOP
THE ANCIENT VEHICLE.



WHAT A
PLACE FOR
A GHOST
HANGOUT!

WELL, NOW.
THIS IS A BIT
MORE LIKE IT!
THAT MUST
BE MELANIE
WAVING?



ZERO'S KEEN GAZE DETECTS
AN ODD QUALITY IN HIS
HOSTESS' GREETING.



MMM! SHE'S NOT
ACTING MUCH LIKE
THE GAY KID I
USED TO BUY
ICE CREAM
CONES FOR.

I'M SO GLAD
YOU COULD
COME!

GOOD TO SEE
YOU,
MEL.

ABRUPT AND COLDLY
POLITE, MELANIE'S
ATTITUDE CONTINUES
TO CONFUSE THE GHOST
DETECTIVE.



I THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT LIKE
SOME REST AFTER
YOUR LONG TRIP.
SEE YOU IN
THE MORNING.

EH? OH...
VERY CON-
SIDERATE
OF YOU.

SUDDENLY A
VIOLENT, PIERCING
SCREAM SHATTERS
ZERO'S THOUGHTS.

MELANIE'S
VOICE!
SOME-
THING'S
UP!



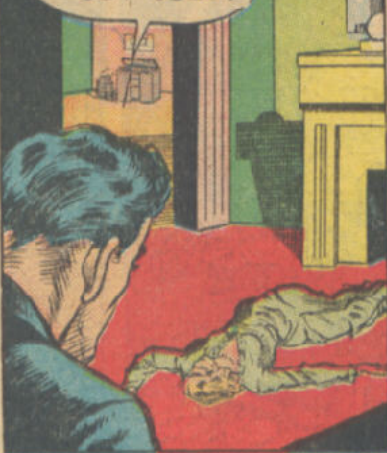
RACING SWIFTLY DOWN THE HALL, HE HEADS FOR MELANIE'S ROOM.

HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!



THEN...

MY GOSH! SHE'S PASSED OUT COLD!



THE STIMULATING ODOR OF SMELLING SALTS REVIVES THE GIRL...

EASY, NOW... FEELING A LITTLE BETTER?

WHY W-WHAT HAP...?



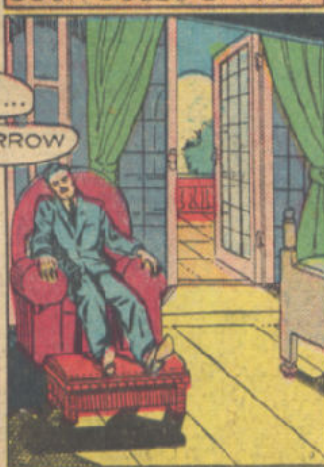
NOW I REMEMBER. IT WAS GRANDMA'S GHOST AGAIN! YOU SEE, ZERO, I'M ENGAGED TO ALAN DEVON BUT GRANDMA AND GRANDPA HAVE ALWAYS HATED THE DEVONS. EVER SINCE THEY DIED AND LEFT ME THIS HOUSE, THEY'VE DONE EVERYTHING TO KEEP US FROM BEING MARRIED... I WAS JUST READING ALAN'S LETTER WHEN SHE CAME!

TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP NOW, MEL... I'LL PARK ON YOUR EASY CHAIR TONIGHT!

I'LL FEEL SAFER WITH YOU HERE... ALAN WILL BE HERE TOMORROW ANYWAY!



GROGGY FROM HIS TRIP, THE GHOST DETECTIVE SOON DOZES OFF...



SUDDENLY, HE IS RUDELY AWAKENED.

STARTLED, THE APPARITION DRIFTS TOWARD ESCAPE...

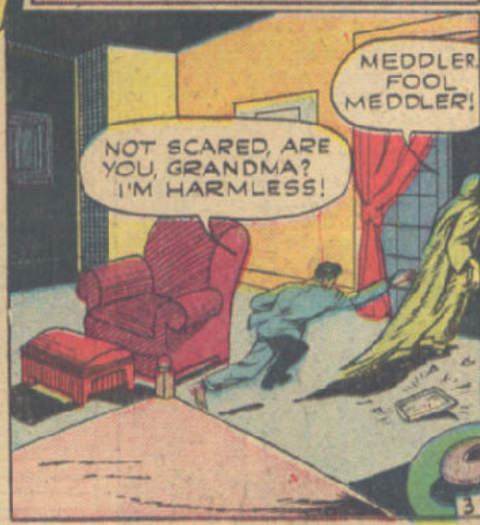
SO... ALAN DEVON, IS IT? WELL SHE WON'T BE SEEIN' MUCH MORE OF HIM!

WHY, GRANDMA? THIEVIN' AGAIN?



MEDDLER, FOOL MEDDLER!

NOT SCARED, ARE YOU, GRANDMA? I'M HARMLESS!



AND AS MADAME GHOST
DISAPPEARS.

YOU WON'T BE
SO LUCKY THE
NEXT TIME WE
MEET!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON.

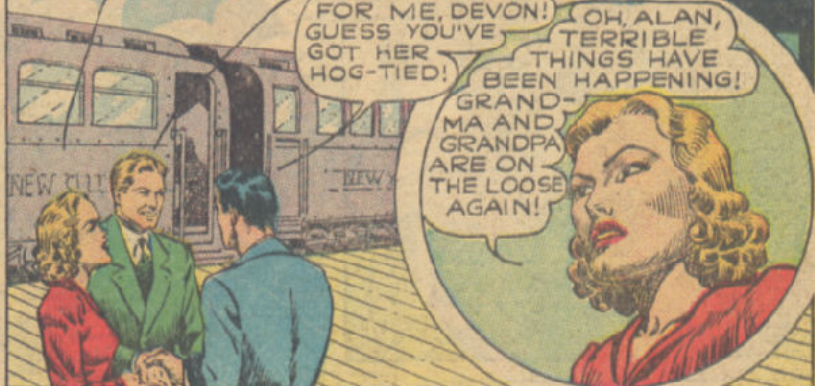
ALAN, THIS
IS ZERO..AN
OLD FRIEND
OF MINE!

IF MELANIE HADN'T
SAID, "FRIEND," I
MIGHT BE SUS-
PICIOUS!

BAD LUCK
FOR ME, DEVON!
GUESS YOU'VE
GOT HER
HOG-TIED!

OH, ALAN,
TERRIBLE
THINGS HAVE
BEEN HAPPENING!

GRAND-
MA AND
GRANDPA
ARE ON
THE LOOSE
AGAIN!



ANXIOUSLY, DEVON LISTENS TO
MELANIE'S STORY, THEN. . .

NEVER MIND, HONEY, WE'LL BE
MARRIED RIGHT AWAY, IN THEIR
OWN LIBRARY..I'LL SHOW THEM
WE'RE NOT
SCARED!

YES,
ALAN,
NOW!



WITH THE PREACHER
IN TOW, THEY START
BACK TO THE ROYTER
ESTATE.

I DO
HOPE
NOTHING
SPOILS OUR
WEDDING!

DON'T WORRY..
NOTHING
WILL!

I'M NOT
SO SURE
OF THAT!



THAT NIGHT, A STRANGE WEDDING PARTY ASSEMBLES.

IF THERE IS ANYONE
PRESENT WHO SEES FIT THAT
THESE TWO SHALL NOT
BE JOINED IN HOLY
MATRIMONY, LET HIM
SPEAK NOW OR
FOREVER HOLD
H.....



SUDDENLY, THE SILENCE OF THE
ROOM IS SHATTERED BY THE
SIMULTANEOUS SHRIEKS FROM TWO
ETHERIAL FIGURES.

WE OBJECT!



HIS CLAW-LIKE HANDS GRIPPING ALAN'S THROAT, GRANDPA ROYTER SNARLS VICIOUSLY.

NO DURN FOOL IS AGOIN' TO MARRY MELANIE! EVER SINCE EBENEZER DEVON SANK MY GOLD BOX IN THE BAYOU 60 YEARS AGO, I'VE HATED ALL THE DEVONS!



KILL HIM, JOHN! KILL HIM! HEE, HEE!

HOWLING DELIGHTEDLY, GRANDMA APPLAUDS HER SPOUSE.



FEARLESSLY, ZERO LEAPS TOWARD THE BELLIGERENT GHOST.

NOT SO FAST, ROYTER! WE'LL HEAR ALAN'S STORY FIRST! UNDERSTAND?



AND AS THE STRANGLE HOLD IS BROKEN...



YOU'RE ALL WRONG ABOUT UNCLE EBENEZER, MR. ROYTER.. HE NEVER SANK YOUR BOX!

WHY YOU EVIL, LYIN' WHIPPERSNAPPER! I'LL....

SIT TIGHT, GRANDPA! KEEP TALKIN', FELLA!

UNCLE'S WIFE WAS AN IDIOT!. SHE TOSSED EVERYTHING SHE COULD LAY HER HANDS ON INTO THE BAYOU.. POOR UNCLE TRIED TO PROTECT HER, I GUESS.



SHEEPLISHLY OFFERING BELATED BLESSINGS, THE ROYTERS DEPART FOR FINAL REST.



GOOD LUCK, MY CHILDREN!

IF YOUR LEGS AREN'T TOO UNSTEADY, DEVON, WE'LL GET ON WITH THE CEREMONY!



ANOTHER PAIR OF TROUBLESOME SPIRITS SAFELY TUCKED AWAY, ZERO JOINS IN THE FESTIVITIES.



HM..NOT BAD.. NOT BAD AT ALL!

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!

Samar

by John Charles



THE MIGHTY JUNGLE-MAN TREKS THROUGH HIS HOME HIGHLANDS. SUDDENLY HIS EYES RIVET UPON TWO GIANT CREATURES PERCHED ON A ROTTING LIMB. HIDEOUS SCAVENGER VULTURES.

UNFOLDING THEIR UGLY WINGS SLOWLY, THE BONY BIRDS OF DOOM ABANDON THEIR ROOST TO CIRCLE OVER THE VALLEY.

WHERE THEY STARTLE A SMALL BAND OF ARMED HUPI WARRIORS LED BY CHIEF MLUGO...

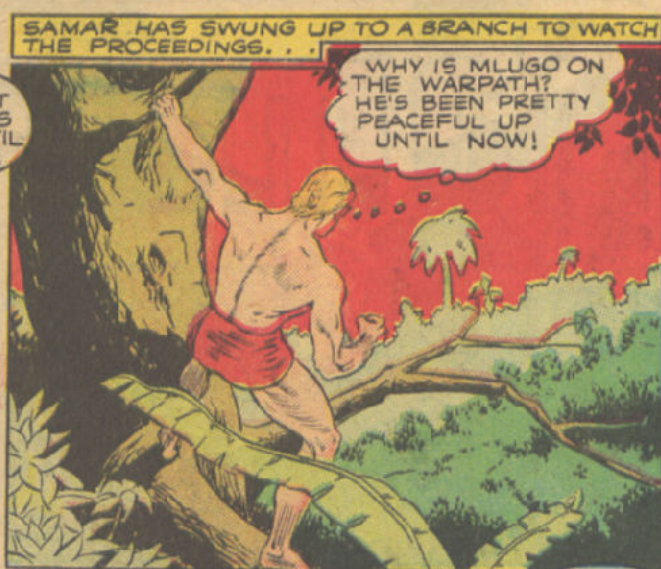


OUT FOR A MEAL, EH?

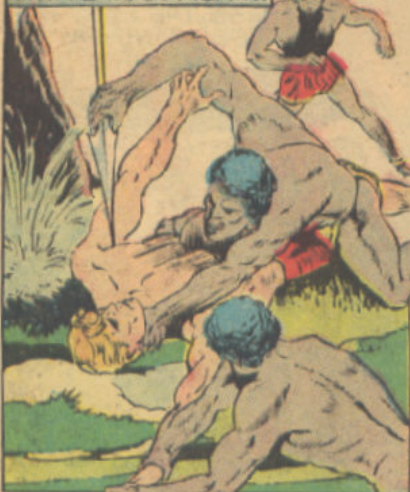


HO! EVIL BIRDS!

MAYBE THEY FIND FEAST.. SAMAR, I HOPE!



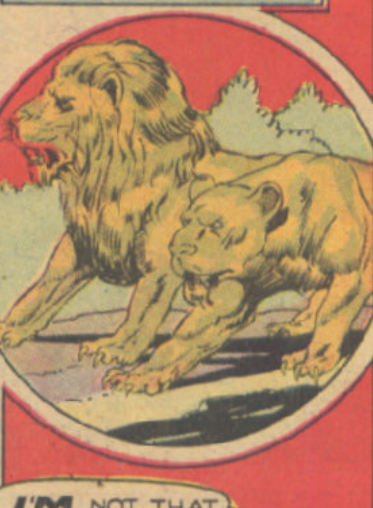
BUT THEY SPRING UP LIKE RUBBER MEN AND LACE INTO THE WHITE MAN AGAIN.



UNABLE TO RESIST SUPERIOR NUMBERS, SAMAR IS CAPTURED.



ON THE RIM OF THE VALLEY, A LION AND HIS MATE SNARL AT THE HUMAN SCENT.



YOU MARCH TO OUR VILLAGE! WE ROAST YOU FOR VULTURES!

OH NO! I'M NOT BIRD FOOD TODAY!

MEANWHILE, THE WITCH DOCTOR SEES SAMAR COMING.



AAH! THE SACRIFICE ARRIVES!

IF ANYONE'S TO DIE AROUND HERE...



I'M NOT THAT ONE! YOU ARE!



THE WITCH DOCTOR SAILS THROUGH SPACE TO A FORCED LANDING SKEWERED ON A TRIBESMAN'S SPEAR.



EEEE AA

OOH..LEG MUCH HURT! KILL! KILL! WHITE DEMON!



YES, HONORED WITCH DOCTOR.. WE KILL AT ONCE!



BUT, DRAWN BY THE SCENT, THE LIONS STALK INTO THE HUPI VILLAGE.



THE NATIVES SCATTER IN UNCONTROLLED PANIC.



BUT WHEREVER THEY FLEE, THE LIONS ARE CLOSE BEHIND... TO KILL SWIFTLY AND CRUELLY.



MLUGO FLEES INTO THE WITCH DOCTOR'S SHRINE.



AND SAMAR DRAGS THE FAKIR IN...

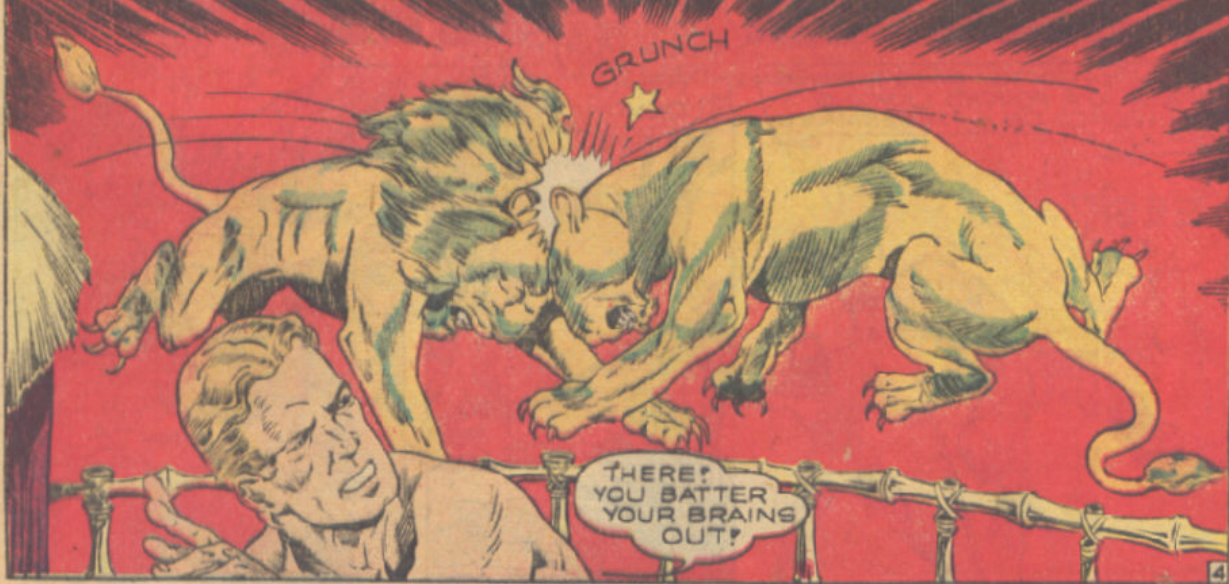


SEE? YOUR OWN PEOPLE DESERT YOU WHEN YOU ARE WOUNDED AND NEED HELP!

THEN SAMAR LEAPS TO THE CLEARING TO BATTLE THE BEASTS ALONE.



FIERCELY THEY SPRING AT HIM, BUT SAMAR HOPS OUT OF THE WAY AND...



BOTH TAWNY BEASTS LIE SENSELESS AT SAMAR'S FEET.

HO, MLUGO? COME OUT AND SEE WHAT I HAVE DONE!

YOU DID THAT?

YES.. DO YOU BELIEVE NOW THAT IT IS UNWISE TO DEFY ME?

SEEING HIS PLOT TO KILL SAMAR FAIL, THE EVIL WITCHDOCTOR STAGGERS INTO THE FOREST.

MLUGO KILL ME.. IF HE CATCH ME!

THE LIONESS COMES TO WITH A SNARL AND ADVANCES AGAIN UPON SAMAR.

WATCH THIS, MLUGO, IF YOU STILL DON'T BELIEVE I AM MIGHTIER THAN YOUR EVIL WITCH DOCTOR!

WITH BUT A SINGLE FRAIL KNIFE, SAMAR OPPOSES THE MIGHTY BEAST.

SOON THE LIONESS IS HELPLESS.

YOU WIN... I TELL YOU I WAS ALWAYS YOUR FRIEND UNTIL WITCH DOCTOR SAY YOU EVIL. I FIND YOU GOOD ENEMY.. HIM BAD FRIEND?

SATISFIED THAT MLUGO WILL STICK TO HIS BARGAIN, SAMAR LEAVES THE VILLAGE.

AN INSTANT LATER, SAMAR PERCEIVES THE SCAVENGERS' PREY.

HMM.. THE VULTURES AGAIN! NOW WHAT?

THE WITCH DOCTOR? WELL.. HE HAD IT COMING?

NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

LET ME HOLD
HER FOR A
MINUTE, RITA!

SHE DOESN'T
LIKE YOU, NIPPIE!
SHE REMEMBERS
YOU TEASED
HER LAST
SATURDAY!!

G'WAN.. SHE'S
TOO YOUNG TO
REMEMBER!!
GIMME HER!!

By LANK LEONARD

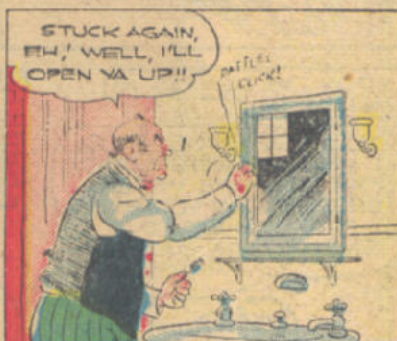
MICKEY FINN

YOU MEAN THAT
YOUR UNCLE
MADE TWO
RESOLUTIONS
TO KEEP OUT
OF ARGU-
MENTS?!

THE FIRST ONE
DIDN'T TAKE..HE
WENT DOWN TO
CLANCY'S AND
CAME HOME WITH
A BLACK EYE!!

YOU DON'T EXPECT
HIM TO KEEP
THE SECOND
DO YOU, MICKEY?
HE HAS TO GET
SO MANY BLACK
EYES OR HE
WON'T BE HAPPY!

HE'S PROMISED
NOT TO SPEND
SO MUCH TIME
IN CLANCY'S
..THAT'S WHERE
THE TROUBLE
STARTS..





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

YOU TOLD ME
WHAT TO BUY!
I DON'T NEED
THIS LIST,
MOTHER!!

WELL, HERE
IT IS ANYWAY,
AND HERE'S
A DOLLAR
TO PAY FOR
IT!!

HUH... I CAN REMEMBER
WHAT MA WANTED WITH-
OUT THAT OLD LIST..

O.K., NIPPIE.. LET'S
HAVE THE
MONEY!!

GOSH.. IT WAS
THE DOLLAR
THAT I THREW
AWAY!!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

YOU MEAN TO
SAY THAT YOUR
UNCLE PHIL GAVE
HIMSELF A BLACK
EYE..

YES TOM, HE
YANKED THE DOOR
TO THE MEDICINE
CHEST OPEN
AND IT HIT HIM
IN THE EYE!!

HA! HA! AND JUST
WHEN YOU
ALMOST CON-
VINCED HIM TO
STAY AWAY FROM
CLANCY'S SO HE
WOULDN'T GET
ANY..

HE SAID IF HE
HAD GONE DOWN
TO CLANCY'S
IT WOULDN'T
HAVE HAP-
PENED!!

WELL, WELL, PHIL!
WHO GAVE YOU
THAT EYE?

NOBODY!

WHAT D'YAMEN
NOBODY? I
SUPPOSE YOU
WALKED INTO
A DOOR!!

THAT'S JUST
HOW I GOT IT,
KILLEEN.. FROM
A DOOR!!

HA! HA! WHY
DON'TCHA TELL
THE TRUTH?
WHO WAS IT..
HOU LIAN AGAIN
??

LISTEN, KILLEEN,
I'M IN NO MOOD
FOR WISECRACKS
... I GOT IT FROM
THE DOOR TO
THE MEDICINE
CHEST!!

NO LITTLE
DOOR COULD
GIVE YOU SUCH
A BEAUTIFUL
SHINER!!

LISTEN, MR THOMAS
KILLEEN, HOW
ABOUT MINDING
YOUR OWN
BUSINESS!!!

IF YOU'D
MIND YOURS-
ONCE IN A
WHILE YOU'D
HAVE LESS
BLACK EYES
!!

KILLEEN! I DON'T
KNOW WHETHER
YOU REALIZE
IT OR NOT, BUT
YOU'RE ASKING
FOR TROUBLE..

OH, YEAH? BY
THE LOOKS OF
THAT EYE, YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO
ASKED FOR IT AND
GOT IT!!!

I'M TELLING
YOU FOR
THE LAST
TIME, KILLEEN,
IT WAS A DOOR!

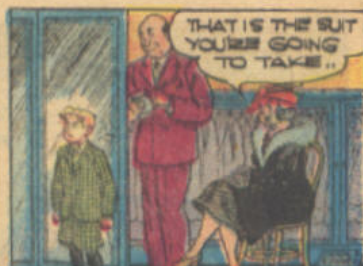
DON'T INSULT MY
INTELLIGENCE!!
YOU TALKED OUT
OF TURN AND
GOT CLIPPED..
AS USUAL!!

THAT'S
ENOUGH,
KILLEEN..
DON'T SAY I
DIDN'T WARN
YA!!

NO, PHIL! DON'T!! WAIT!!
STOP!! PLEASE GRAB
HIM BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!! GRAB
HIM, SIDNEY!!

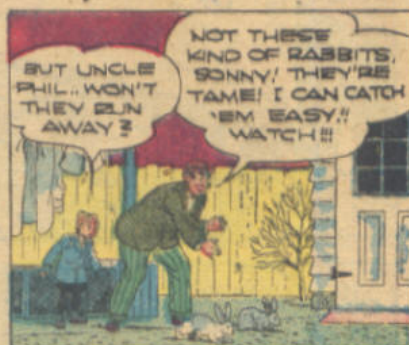
TOO
LATE!



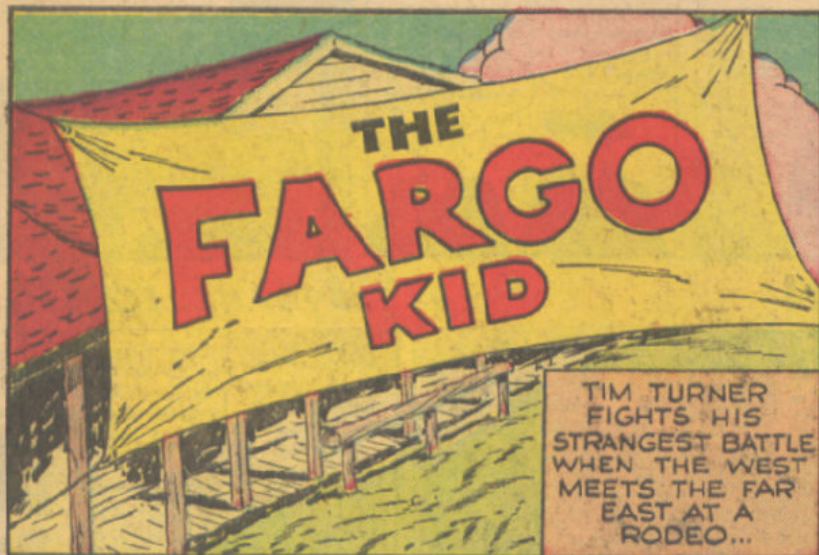


MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



More of Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the April issue.



CROWDS THROG THE ARENA. BRONCO BUSTING GETS UNDER WAY...



ELMO WALLIS ON DYNAMITE...



HE'S THROWN IN 3 SECONDS...



NEXT-- MEL COLT ON CYCLONE...

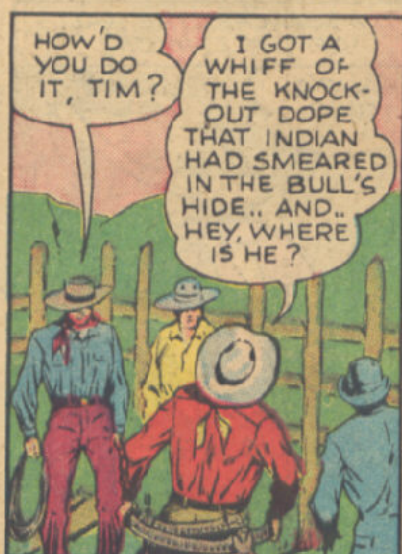


BUCK MASON ON 'TROUBLE DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE...



TIM TURNER, KNOWN AS THE FARGO KID, LOOKS ON, PUZZLED...





IN NO TIME THE FARGO KID IS IN THE SADDLE...

CATCH 'IM KING, BOY!!

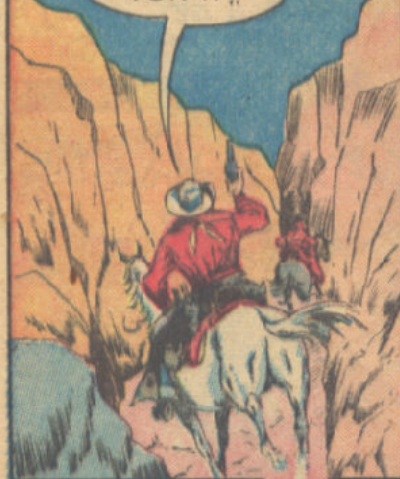


THE INDIAN LIFTS A SMALL BLOW-PIPE TO HIS MOUTH...

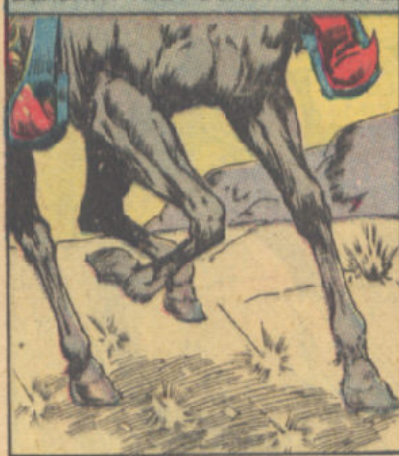
OH, OH! THIS COYOTE MEANS BUSINESS!



WELL PARDNER YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR IT!!



NOT WISHING TO KILL HORSE OR RIDER, TURNER AIMS FOR THE GROUND BENEATH THE POUNDING HOOF.

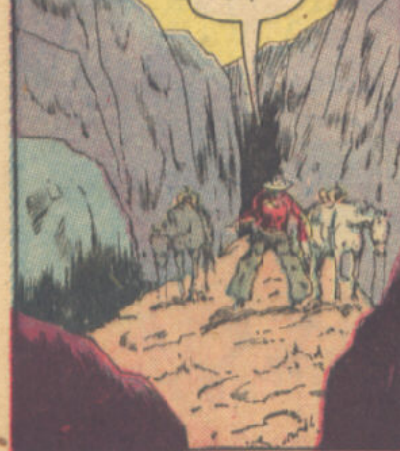


THE STEED TRIPS AND TOSSES HIS RIDER WILD...



AND...

NOW WHERE'D HE VANISH TO?



TIM SEARCHES THE WALLS OF THE CANYON...

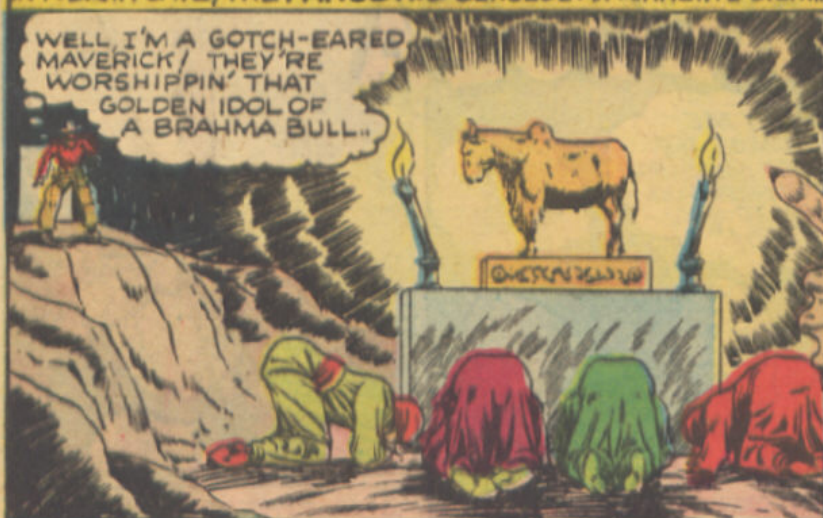
WHAT'S THIS?



THIS ROCK'S ON A PIVOT... MUST BE AN ENTRANCE TO SOMEWHERE.



IN A DARK CAVE, THE FARGO KID BEHOLDS AN AMAZING SIGHT...



SUDDENLY...

SAINTAR! INDU!



BUT THE INDIANS BEAR DOWN ON HIM...



LIKE A STRIKING COBRA, TIM TACKLES THE INDIAN...



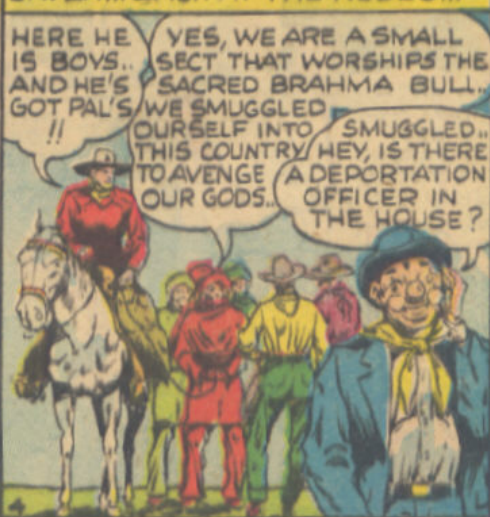
WITH A LEAP, HE GAINS A LEDGE AND FREES HIS ROPE.



THE LASSO DROPS. THE KNOT IS PULLED, BINDING THE UP-RAISED ARMS TOGETHER...

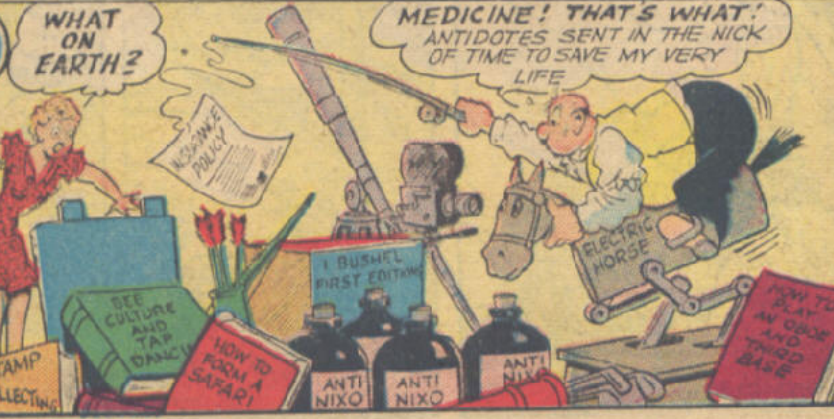


LATER... BACK AT THE RODEO...



Watch for the next episode of The Fargo Kid in the April issue.

LALA PALOOZA



Lala PALOOZA



SWING Sisson

by

PHIL
MARTIN

AT THE SWANK CLOVER CLUB IN NEW YORK, SWING Sisson IS BILLED AS THE BATTLING BAND LEADER. WITH HIS PALS, TOBY TUCKER, SAX PLAYER, AND BONNIE BAXTER, VOCALIST, SWING NOW FINDS HIMSELF IN A FIGHT TO THE FINISH WITH THAT FANTASTIC FIEND KNOWN AS THE MAESTRO!



LOOK AT THIS! THAT CRAZY THIEF WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE MAESTRO, RAIDED ANOTHER NIGHT CLUB LAST EVENING!

BRRR!
I HOPE HE STAYS AWAY FROM THE CLOVER CLUB!

IT'S NOT BAD ENOUGH, SWING, THAT HE STEALS ALL THE CUSTOMERS' CASH AND ICE, BUT HE HAS TO INSULT THE MUSICIANS AND THEN STEAL THEIR INSTRUMENTS, TOO!

HE'LL GET HIS, TOBY! ALL THESE SMART CROOKS DO!

LATER, INSIDE THE CLOVER CLUB...

RIGHT THIS WAY, SIR. I HAVE ONE VERY GOOD TABLE LEFT!





AH! A LOT OF JEWELS
IN EVIDENCE AMONG THIS
PROSPEROUS LOOKING
CROWD. I SHOULD MAKE
A \$10,000 HAUL,
TONIGHT!



TIME FOR
LIGHTS OUT
FOR THAT
"KISS IN THE
DARK" NUMBER,
SWING PLAYS.
BOY, DO THE
CUSTOMERS
EAT THAT
UP!

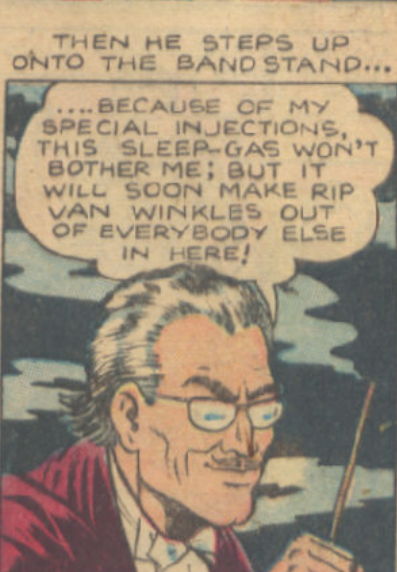


A FEW MINUTES LATER
THE NIGHT CLUB IS
PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS..



THIS IS A BETTER
OPPORTUNITY THAN I
HAD RECKONED ON!

AS THE MAESTRO WEAVES
SLOWLY THROUGH THE
DARKNESS, HIS THUMB
PRESSES A BUTTON ON
THE HANDLE OF THE
BATON....



THEN HE STEPS UP
ONTO THE BANDSTAND...

....BECAUSE OF MY
SPECIAL INJECTIONS,
THIS SLEEP-GAS WON'T
BOTHER ME; BUT IT
WILL SOON MAKE RIP
VAN WINKLES OUT
OF EVERYBODY ELSE
IN HERE!



ATTENTION,
YOU FOOLS!
ATTENTION!

HEY,
BUDDY,
YOU CAN'T
DO THAT!

SOMETHING GOING ON
OVER BY THE BANDSTAND.
BETTER PUT LIGHTS
BACK ON. THAT GAS...
COUGH... COUGH!



THAT AWFUL LOOKING MAN
...WHO...

IT'S H-H-HIM!
IT'S THE...
MAESTRO!

SO THAT PHONEY HAS COME HERE AT LAST! BOY, OH BOY! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CRACK AT HIM!

THIS IS ONE JOB YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH, MAESTRO!



BUT JUST BEFORE TOBY CAN AID SWING, THE GAS TAKES ITS TOLL....



IT'S GETTING ...ME...TOO....



ALL OVER THE NIGHT CLUB, THE PATRONS DROP LIKE POISONED FLIES....



FOOLS! MAYBE NOW YOU WILL NO MORE COME TO THESE MODERN TEMPLES OF SIN WHERE THE GENTLE ARTS OF MUSIC AND DANCING ARE CORRUPTED BY FOUL BOOGIE-WOOGIE MUSIC AND IDIOTIC JITTERBUGGING!!



BUT ENOUGH OF THIS! I MUST REAP MY SPOILS!!



HERE'S A THOUSAND DOLLARS RIGHT IN THESE TWO BAUBLES!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...THE MAESTRO DEPARTS..

NO ONE CAN OUTSMART ME--THE SMARTEST THIEF IN THE WORLD!!

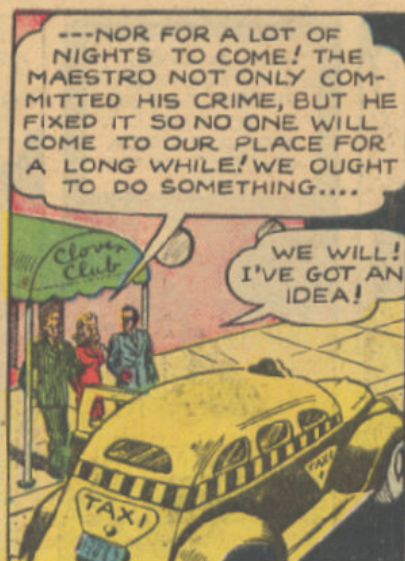


AFTER THE EFFECT OF THE FUMES WEARS OFF...

STEADY, KID. IT'S ALL OVER. THE MAESTRO HAS GONE!

OOH! WHAT A HORRIBLE CREATURE!









JUST THEN...BONNIE APPEARS.



More daring deeds of Swing Sisson in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS.

REYNOLDS

by
ARM
PINYAU

OF THE MOUNTED

DEATH STRIKES, AND A WAVE OF FEAR AND TERROR SPREADS OVER ROARING RIVER LUMBER CAMP AS SERGEANT JIM REYNOLDS AND FLATFOOT CHARLIE ARE CALLED UPON TO INVESTIGATE THE GHOST MURDERS....

THE ROARING RIVER LUMBER CAMP WORKS AT HIGH SPEED FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE....

BUT WHEN THEY PULL THE BODY ASHORE.....

HE'S DEAD!
WHY-THERE
ARE NO
BULLET
WOUNDS!

IT
CAN'T
BE-

WE
HEARD
TH'
SHOTS!

SUDDENLY
TWO
SHOTS
FILL
THE
AIR.....

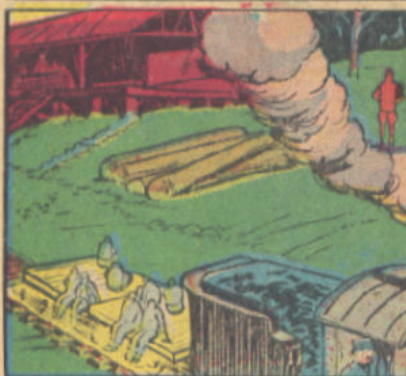
LOOK! FOSTER'S
SHOT-HE'S
FALLING INTO
TH' RIVER!

WE'LL
GET
'IM!

LIKE WILDFIRE, THE STORY OF THE LUMBERJACK'S DEATH SPREADS...



THE LOGGING TRAIN MAKES ITS WAY DOWN THE TRACKS....

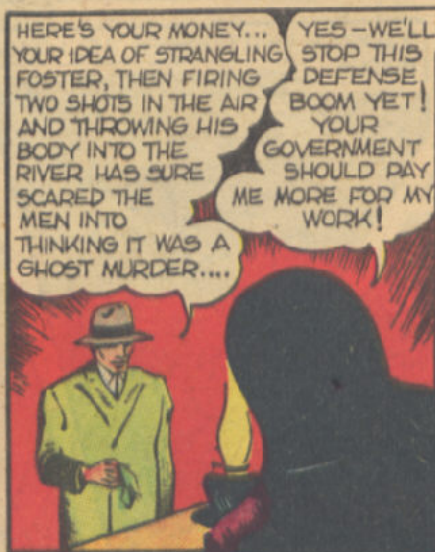


SUDDENLY AS IT CROSSES THE LITTLE BRIDGE....



LATER—A HUGE LUMBERJACK TALKS TO HIS FELLOW WORKERS.....



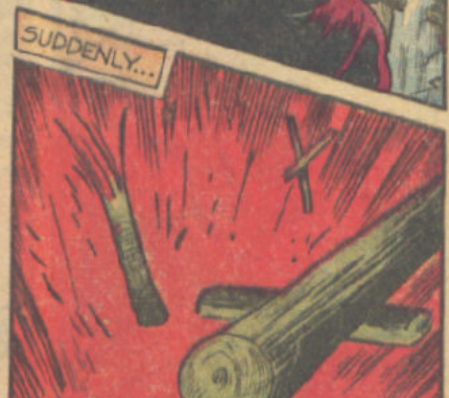




MINUTES, HOURS, PASS...

FINE PICKLE I GOT IN.... WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO FLATFOOT... OH-OH- DAWN'S BREAKING - GUESS IT'S CURTAINS..... WHAT'S THAT??

THE LOGGERS GET TO WORK AS THERE IS A HARD DAY AHEAD...



WHILE UP ON A BLUFF...



AS THE TERRIFIED AGENT RUNS BLINDLY, HE TRIPS...





THE TEEMING MASS OF HUGE LOGS
MOVE DOWN THE RIVER...



Captain BRUCE BLACKBURN

in the
KISS
of the
COBRA

by
Arley
and
Tommy
Chambers

ONCE MORE OPPOSING THAT ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN AND HIS DOUBLE, JACKSON, IS SONYA; DEADLY, BEAUTIFUL SUPERSPY.



NIGHT, AND BRUCE WALKS THROUGH WASHINGTON.

WONDER WHAT'S BEHIND THOSE DEATH THREATS TO THE DEFENSE MAGNATES, SIGNED "THE COBRA"? BOSH!



PROBABLY SOME HARMLESS—WOW!



THAT ARROW'S NOT HARMLESS! I'LL LOOK AT IT—



NOW, WHERE THE BLAZES DID THAT ARROW GO?



LATER, OFFICE OF COL. JORDAN, CHIEF OF INTELLIGENCE

BRUCE! GLAD YOU'RE HERE!

SO AM I! SOMEONE JUST TRIED TO KILL ME WITH AN ARROW!



NEVER MIND THAT! THOSE 3 DEFENSE MAGNATES ARE DEAD!

WHAT! LET'S LOOK INTO THIS!



HOME OF ROTOM, FIRST OF THE MAGNATES TO DIE!

WHAT, DOCTOR! THE BITE OF A COBRA?

YES, BUT WE CAN'T FIND THE SNAKE!



HOME OF KNAT, SECOND VICTIM TO DIE!

YES, BLACKBURN, IT WAS A COBRA BITE, AND WE DIDN'T FIND ANY SNAKE, EITHER!

AND, AS WITH ROTOM, THE DOOR WAS LOCKED!

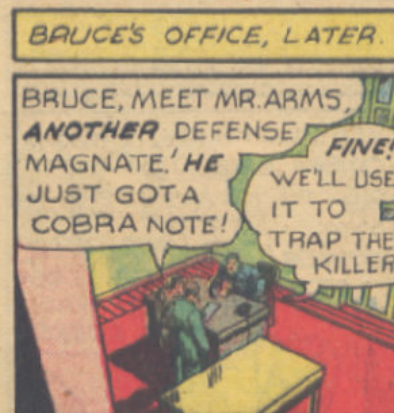
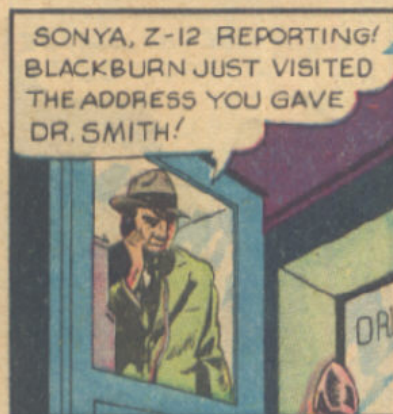
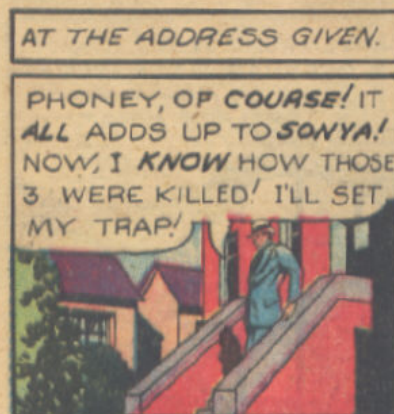
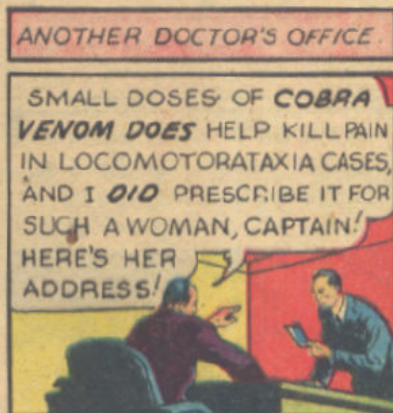
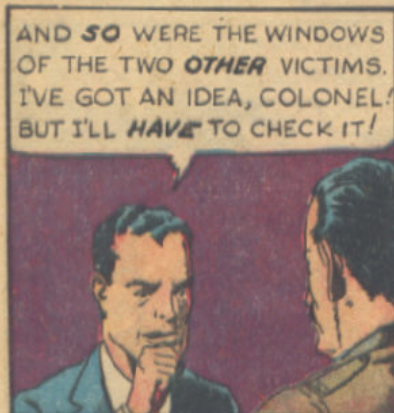


HOME OF THE THIRD VICTIM.

FANG MARKS AGAIN! WHO FOUND THE BODY?

I DID, SIR! I BROKE DOWN THE DOOR, AND FOUND THE MASTER, DEAD!





BRUCE CALLS IN HIS DOUBLE.

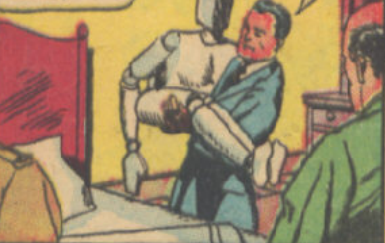
JACKSON, HANG AROUND THOSE DOCTORS' OFFICES. IF YOU SPOT SONYA, FOLLOW HER! IT'S A LONG CHANCE, BUT—

'RIGHT, BRUCE!



THAT NIGHT, AT ARMS' HOME.

NOW, ARMS, **FIRST** I'LL PUT THIS **DUMMY** IN YOUR BED.—



PLUG IN THIS **WIRE**, PUT ON MY RUBBER GLOVES— COLONEL—

I DON'T GET THE **IDEA**, BRUCE!



TURN OUT THE LIGHTS, AND KEEP OUT OF **SIGHT**!



THERE HE IS! **BLACKBURN**, ALL RIGHT!

A **LUCKY BREAK**!

ANTIDOTES

MEANWHILE, JACKSON SEES AND FOLLOWS SONYA.



OK, SUCKER! THIS IS **TOO EASY**! NOW WHAT, SONYA?

GOOD WORK, GUSTAF! TAKE HIM TO THE TEMPLE! HE SHOULD IMPRESS THOSE FOOLS—WHEN THE COBRA-KISSES HIM!



BACK IN ARMS' BEDROOM.

WHAT'S THAT **LIGHT**, BRUCE?

IT'S THE **KILLER**! CAREFUL!



WHAT'S THAT **HISS** AND **THUD**!

YOUR **COBRA**, COLONEL! LOOK OUT!



BRUCE THROWS THE WIRE.



AND, IN A WINDOW ACROSS FROM ARMS' APARTMENT!



UGH!



E-E-E-YAH!

WHAT'S THAT?

THE COBRA'S BOSS!



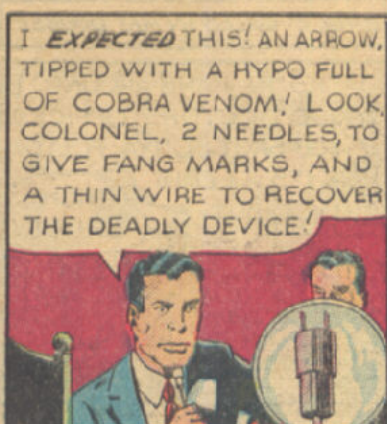
LIGHTS!

BRUCE! AN ARROW!

click!

AND, THERE'S YOUR SNAKE, COLONEL! OUR SNAKE CHARMER'S WAITING MOST UNCOMFORTABLY ON THE OTHER END OF THIS 'HOT' WIRE!

BUT, HOW?



I EXPECTED THIS! AN ARROW, TIPPED WITH A HYPO FULL OF COBRA VENOM! LOOK, COLONEL, 2 NEEDLES, TO GIVE FANG MARKS, AND A THIN WIRE TO RECOVER THE DEADLY DEVICE!



COME ON, COLONEL! WE'LL PERSUADE HIM TO LEAD US TO THE COBRA'S DEN!

IN THE ROOM ACROSS THE STREET FROM ARMS' HOME.

FIVE MINUTES LATER.



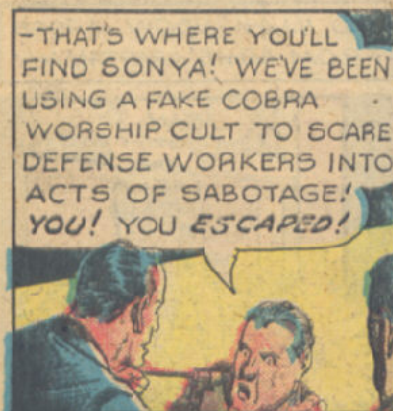
THERE HE IS! KNOCKED OUT BY THE CURRENT I SHOT INTO HIS ARROW RECOVERY WIRE! I'LL BRING HIM AROUND!

A BOW AND ARROW! OF ALL THINGS, BRUCE!



UNLESS YOU WANT THIS IN YOUR NECK, TALK! WHERE'S SONYA? WHAT'S BEHIND THIS? GIVE!

NO-NO-!



-THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND SONYA! WE'VE BEEN USING A FAKE COBRA WORSHIP CULT TO SCARE DEFENSE WORKERS INTO ACTS OF SABOTAGE! YOU! YOU ESCAPED!



ESCAPED? COLONEL, THEY HAVE JACKSON! NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE! COME ON!



MEANWHILE, AT THE TEMPLE OF THE COBRA, AS SONYA, THE "PRIESTESS," INTONES:

I, PRIESTESS HYMDRYAD, KEEPER OF THE SACRED COBRA DECREE THE KISS OF THE COBRA FOR THIS SACRIFICE!

UNCLE SAM MAKES A HOMER

Flying high over the craggy west coast, Lieut. Henry Chisholm, of the U. S. Navy Blue Star attack squadron, looked below and saw at least three Oregon towns blacked out simultaneously. He could imagine—but not hear—the air raid sirens wailing down there. This would forestall any bombing by the "Japs," who were somewhere out over the Pacific, waiting for the Navy boys to quit the skies.

For two months now, the Navy flyers, as fine a bunch of aviators as existed, had been holding off the "Japanese." But the Japs were getting desperate. They had given plenty of trouble to the infantry, and their armored tank divisions had mopped up on several fighting units on the northwest border. Their raiders had spilled "eggs" on Muroc Dry Lake practice field, and even penetrated the U. S. Army's crack signal corps strung along a borderline of several hundred miles.

But tonight there would be no air raids, of that Lieut. Chisholm was certain. In fact, he had made a wager with the Flight Commander that if one Jap slipped through the tight flying unit that night, he would turn in his Wings.

It was about thirty minutes later that Lieut. Chisholm picked up a blanket radiocast that blasted the ether from F991, a scout squadron ship on active duty over the vicinity of Salem, Oregon. The message was brief and threatening: Salem was being attacked from the air by a horde of Jap bombers.

But how? Lieut. Chisholm asked him perplexedly. How could the enemy slip through that armada of watchful scouts? There must be a weak link in the signal corps' set-up. But what

could it be? They used garbled radio signals, which could only be deciphered with the correct machine. He was certain that the enemy had not captured one of the devices. The signal corps was using a set of brand new lights and wig-wags, too. And certainly their homing pigeon outfit was the best in the entire army.

Commander Daniels' urgent message came through then: "All Blue Star attack squadron flyers head for Salem to engage enemy bombers."

"Now we are in for a nice juicy dog-fight!" said Lieut. Chisholm to the silence of his cabin. "And I thought we might squeeze some time out tonight and indulge in a bit of fun!"

Real warfare wasn't at all like the mock warfare they had practiced for months, thought Lieut. Chisholm. Then the bombs had been fakes, their machine-gun bursts were tracers without a sting. Even the anti-aircraft fire had been minus the exploding shells. But the vicious Japanese attacks on the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands had ended all of that, now they played for keeps.

It was an outsider who spotted the weakness in the army's home defense units. Perry Scott, sailing a small ketch in Coos Bay, saw a funny thing happen. Two white homing pigeons sailed over him, winging their way to the army headquarters on shore. He knew that part of the fleet was anchored a few miles off the shoreline, and that the home defense unit was using homers for carrying vital messages of the land and air forces' movements.

"They sure do make time!" observed Perry, as the pair of birds sped into the distance. Then he heard a burst of gun fire and, still watching the vanishing birds, saw them fall into the sea.

"Hmmm!" said Perry. Then he noticed a Japanese launch about two hundred yards off, making great speed toward the two birds, now floating on the surface. "So that's how they're tapping valuable information, and checkmating the moves of the defense units!" exclaimed Perry. He put on more sail and scooted for shore. He would have to tell the commanding officer about this. Maybe there was something that could be done to prevent further occurrences of the same thing.

Colonel Higgins was a fat, jovial person—at least he was jovial when things were going pretty much his way. At the moment, however, all the furies were seething in his expansive chest. In fact, he was storming and stomping when the aide showed Perry Scott into his presence.

"Well?" he bellowed. "What the devil—" Then he got control of himself and his red face relaxed a trifle.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," said Perry. "But I believe I have just discovered something you'll be interested in learning."



"Go on, young man!"

Perry told him what he'd seen sailing toward shore.

"Well, I'll be a one-eyed her-ring!" roared the belligerent colonel. "But so what! They've already managed to decode our radio messages, and now they know our signal systems. This—this—" Colonel Higgins waved his arms and plopped into his swivel chair. "This floors me, young man! This ruins us. We'll be attacked from all sides, bottled up, and what are we to do? Our

homing outfit was our ace in the hole. Bah!"

Perry Scott hazarded, "I was about to suggest a plan to thwart the enemy, sir, but perhaps I'd better work it out more thoroughly first. I'll bring you a report in the morning."

The Colonel didn't answer. He automatically saluted, but kept on sitting, with a stunned expression. After all, these battles were important to the welfare and morale of America and one couldn't tamper with that in war time. Hence the Colonel's beaten attitude.

Perry didn't feel much better than the officer as he hurried across the cantonment. He had a plan, yes, but it was as yet an untried plan. It just might work. *Might!*

That night, Perry drove into town, without waiting to see his brother in barracks. Dwight would be crest-fallen; no use in getting the lad all hopped up over something that might turn out to be a dud.

At five o'clock the next morning, Perry hired an amphib and flew a hundred miles down the coast to the small town of Medford, California. There, he had a friend who engaged in a very profitable business. Perry brought the ship down near shore and signalled a fisherman to come out and take him off. A half hour later he was talking to his friend.

Perry unfolded his plan, a fantastic one, to be sure, but one which his friend thought might work.

"'Course," observed the lank rancher, "The stunt has never been tried, but that's no say-so it won't work. These critters are funny, an' they have some pretty sound ways 'bout 'em. Take as many as you want, Perry, an' good luck!"

With the rowboat filled with square boxes, Perry headed for the amphib. It was only a matter of a few minutes to load the ship and take off.

Less than an hour later, Perry landed off shore from the army headquarters. A launch took his cargo off. A few minutes later he



was in conversation with Col. Higgins.

"You see," he explained, "there is only one way to try the stunt and that's to put it into practice. If it works, it may solve everything—"

"May!" yelled the Colonel "If it works, it will win the war for us! I give you full authority. Do as you wish. Here's an official order."

Perry thanked the officer and hurried out of the H. Q. office. His next step was to pile the boxes aboard a bomber and take off. The question had arisen: what will you do if you're tagged by the Japanese? Perry had thought of a way out, and he showed the plane's crew a little later. When they were over sector L233, he pressed the bomb bay lever and out dropped one of the boxes fastened to a 'chute. In the box was a message: "Chloroform a dozen of them, place in a mailing tube and send to Portland." The Jap spies will never think of looking in Uncle Sam's mail.

"If we're tagged," said the co-pilot, "we'll have to land and unload. That's a swell idea of yours, using the 'chutes."

When all the boxes were dropped on the various sectors within a radius of three hundred miles, the bomber was flown back to H. Q. landing field.

"Now what?" Colonel Higgins demanded.

"We fooled the Japs," Perry replied. "Dropped 'em by 'chute, with orders in each box to mail a dozen of each to Portland. One of your spies can pick up the mailing tubes tomorrow at the Portland postoffice. I'll carry on from there. Only half the idea is proved as yet."

The Colonel nodded morosely. "Sounds like a crack-brained stunt, but we gotta try. Tomorrow's the deadline for the blitz. If messages don't come in from all ships of the fleet, and from each of the land sectors, we're finished!"

Perry had prepared several hundred tiny tissue paper squares, about the size of postage stamps. These were for the messages—one to be fastened to each of the carriers.

By two that afternoon, all the sectors had received their mailing tube, with these instructions: "Write message on square, fasten to carrier, revive, then turn loose."

At 5:45 that evening, Col. Higgins, Perry, and a lot of officers were standing in front of H. Q. A square wooden box stood nearby. Life could be heard inside it—life that might prove that a lad's fantastic scheme might be one of the most valuable in warfare message delivery.

At exactly 6:05, one of the officers watching the wooden box shouted, "Look—they're here!" He made a dive toward the box, followed by all the others. With gloved hands he had caught two of the carriers, identified by the white square of paper attached to the creature. The message gave the location of a ship twenty miles at sea, with other pertinent information.

"Good gosh!" yelled the Colonel. "It worked! Lad, you've got something there!"

Perry grinned. "Just proves that bees come home!"

**READ THE FLYING SAMBAN
ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT ADVENTURE
IN THE APRIL ISSUE OF
Feature COMICS
ON SALE FEBRUARY 25TH**

RUSTY RYAN

and the boyville brigadiers— by Paul Gustavson

**SIX BOYS PLEDGED TO UPHOLD
THE AMERICAN WAY....**

ON A PAID EXPENSE TOUR
OF THE COUNTRY THE
BRIGADIERS ARE STILL
IN NEW YORK....

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY
IN FRONT OF A NEW YORK
BANK...

C'MON
IN., WE'RE
GONNA
DO IT!!

WE? NOT ME..
I'M NO DOPE! YOU
DO IT IF YOU WANT
TO.. BUT NOT ME!

SISSY! LOOK.. I GO
IN... SEE.. BULLS
HERE.. BULLS
THERE.. BULLS
ALL AROUND ME..
IT'S A CINCH..
C'MON !!
HUH??

NOPE!!

WHY?
WHY?
CAN YOU
GIVE ME
ONE
GOOD
REASON
?

SURE.. I THINK
YOU'RE CRAZY!!

OH! IF THAT'S ALL
THAT'S WORRYIN' YA..
HERE'S A DOCTOR'S CERTIF..
..CERTIF.. PAPER THAT
SAYS "I'M... ASK
THEM!"

LOOK YOU KIDS... THIS GUY THINKS HE CAN ROB THIS BANK HERE... NOW... IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY... IS HE CRAZY... OR ISN'T HE!!



WELL?

WELL, JUST BECAUSE HE THINKS HE CAN DOESN'T MEAN HE'S CRAZY... NO!

SEE... I TOLD YOU!! C'MON!!



OKAY... I'LL DO IT MYSELF!!

...BUT IF HE TRIED IT I'D SAY HE WAS CRAZY!! HUH?



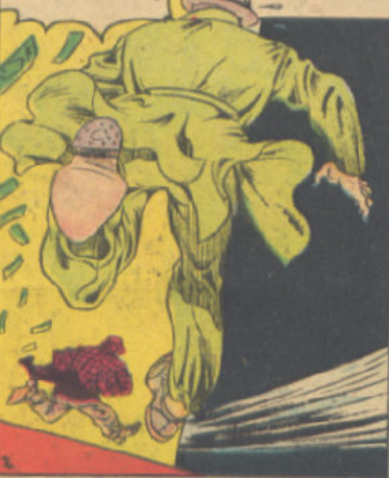
HEY JOE- C'MON... IT'S ALL OVER!!!



A SPLIT SECOND LATER....



HOLY SMOKES!!



WELL... I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE!!

IF I HADN'T SEEN IT... I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT!!

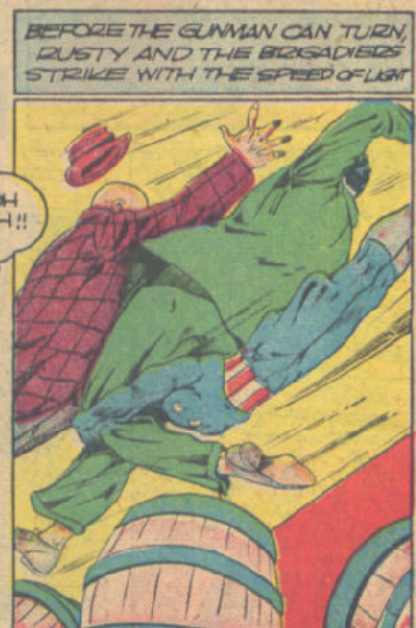
HA/HA! THOSE TWO WERE THE FUNNIEST GUYS I'VE EVER...

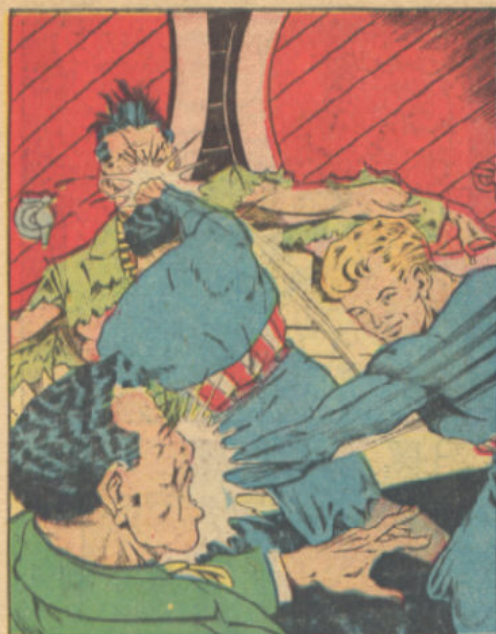


COMES THE DAWN....





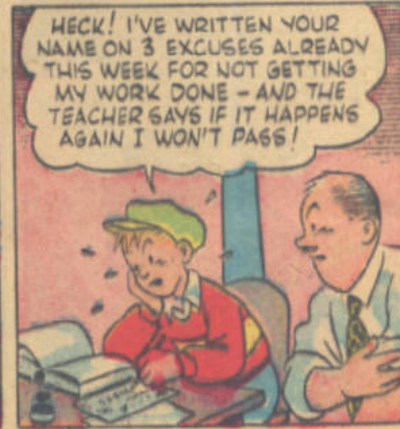
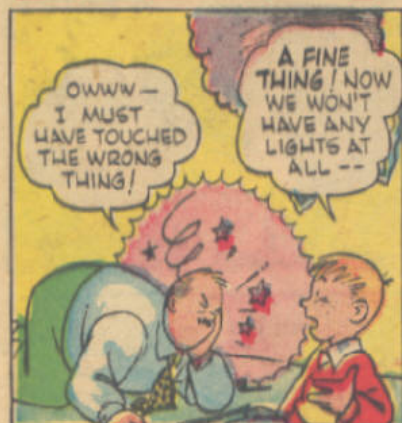
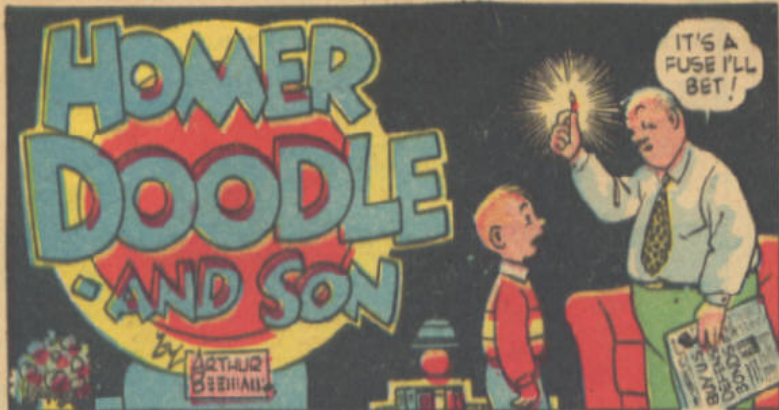




LATER AT THE BANK.. AFTER HOURS OF TALKING BY SHORTY..



Rusty Ryan and The Boyville Brigadiers appear each month in FEATURE COMICS.



Watch for the April issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale February 25th.

POISON IVY

THE MIGHTY MITE

BY GILL FOX

POISON, THIS IS A BLOCK OF THE HEAVIEST METAL IN THE WORLD WHICH I INVENTED..I ASKED YOU TO COME HERE 'CAUSE YOU ARE THE STRONGEST HUMAN ON EARTH! I WANT YOU TO TRY AND LIFT IT!

UGH! BOY, IT IS HEAVY!

G-GOSH, IT'S SO HEAVY, IT PUSHED MY FEET THRU TH' FLOOR!

DON'T LET IT GET AWAY, IT'S TOO VALUABLE TO AMERICA!

OOPS! IT SLIPPED!

I MUST BE LOSING MY WIND, I'M PUFFIN'! AH! I GOT IT!

WELL I'LL..IT DROPPED RIGHT THRU TH' FLOOR AND TH' EARTH AN' IT'S STILL FALLIN'!

POISON CIRCLES THE WORLD IN LESS THAN NO TIME!

I'LL CATCH IT AS IT COMES OUT IN CHINA!

HERE YA ARE, DOC..I CAUGHT IT IN CHINA..INCIDENTALLY, WHAT'S THIS METAL GONNA BE USED FOR?

THE AVERAGE PIN BALL DOESN'T RING ENOUGH BELLS, BUT WHEN THAT METAL IS MELTED DOWN, IT'S EXTRA WEIGHT WILL MAKE IT...

...THE WORLD'S PERFECT PIN BALL!

ONE HOUR LATER...

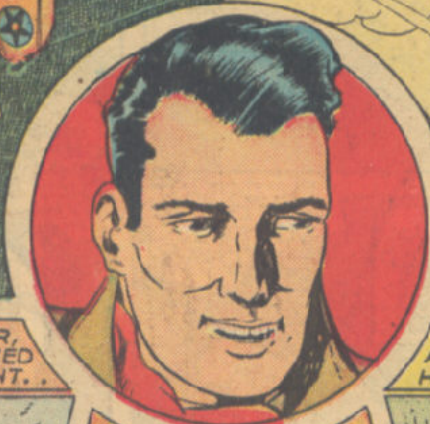
Enjoy Poison Ivy in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS.

SPIN SHAW

OF
THE
NAVAL
AIR
CORPS

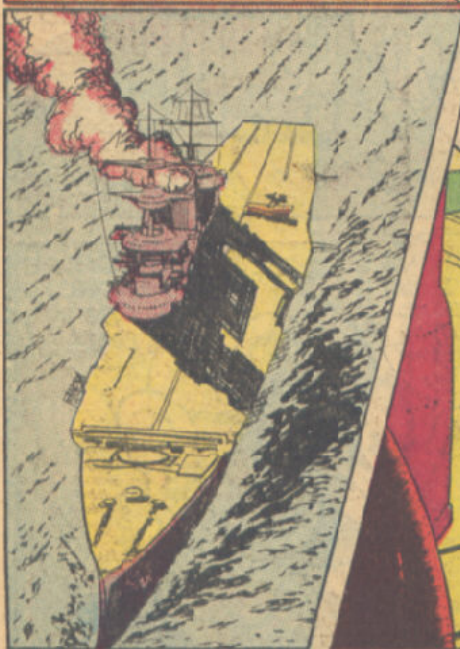
by
Rex
Smith

TREACHEROUS FORCES
ATTEMPT TO HIJACK
AMERICA'S MILITARY
SECRETS, BUT COME
INTO CONFLICT WITH
SPIN SHAW, NAVY ACE,
WHO ZOOMS INTO ACTION
TO THWART THEIR
DESIGNS.



ABOARD AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER,
SPIN'S PLANE IS BEING WARMED
UP FOR AN IMPORTANT FLIGHT.

GUNNING HIS SHIP, SPIN MAKES
A PERFECT TAKE-OFF AND
HEADS FOR THE CAPITOL.

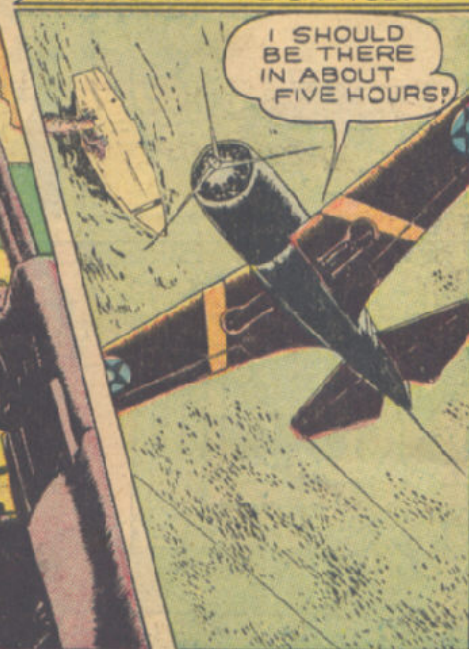


REMEMBER, SHAW,
THOSE PAPERS
MUST BE DELIVERED
WITHOUT
DELAY.

YES,
SIR.

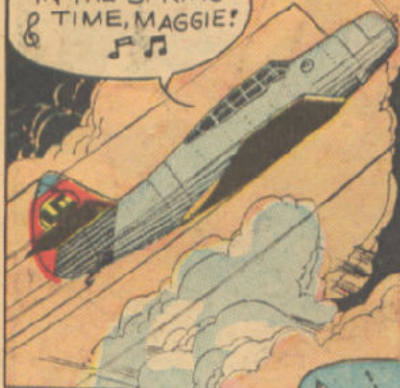


I SHOULD
BE THERE
IN ABOUT
FIVE HOURS!



BUT UNKNOWN TO SPIN, A SWASTIKA IS PLAINLY VISIBLE ON THE TAIL OF HIS PLANE.

WHAT A DAY! I'LL BE WITH YOU IN THE SPRING-TIME, MAGGIE!



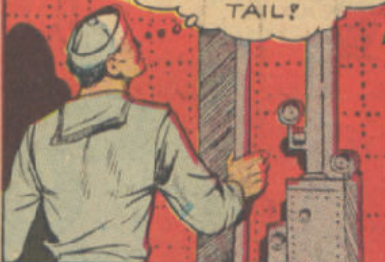
IN A FEW HOURS SPIN ZOOMS PAST AN ARMY FIELD LOCATED NEAR THE CAPITOL.



IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

WATCHING THE NAVY ACE VANISH ON THE HORIZON IS A FIFTH COLUMNIST, OPERATING ON BOARD THE CARRIER.

HA! THE SAP DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE ME SLIP THE SWASTIKA COVER OVER HIS SHIP'S TAIL!



WHEN SUDDENLY A TRIO OF AMERICAN PURSUIT SHIPS ROAR UP AT HIM, SPITTING BULLETS.



DASHING TO A SMALL COMPARTMENT, THE ENEMY AGENT WIRES AN AMERICAN ARMY FIELD.

NAZI PLANE SCOUTING WASHINGTON... INTERCEPT AND DESTROY!



FOR A SPLIT SECOND, SPIN IS TOO STUNNED TO ACT.



HOLY SMOKE! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT ME!

DESPERATELY MANEUVERING TO AVOID THE STREAM OF LEAD, THE NAVY ACE IS FORCED TO LAND.

I CAN'T SHOOT BACK AT AMERICANS! I'LL PUT THIS DOWN IN THAT FIELD UNTIL I FIGURE THIS OUT!



AS THE SHIP REACHES GROUND, ONE OFFICER WAVES THE PURSUIT SHIP OFF WHILE ANOTHER RUSHES TOWARD SPIN.

I'LL GET HIM!



UP MIT DER HANDS, KVIK!

THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! I'M SPIN SHAW OF THE NAVY AIR...





YAH, VE KNOW WHO YOU ISS! BUT I'LL TAKE DER PAPERS YOU HAF. . . NOW!



SPOTTING THE SWASTIKA COVER ON HIS PLANE, IT DAWNS ON SPIN THE MOTIVE FOR SHOOTING HIM DOWN.

AND YOU'RE NO AMERICAN OFFICER, YOU PHONEY! WHERE'D YOU GET THAT UNIFORM? YOU ARE IN NO POSITION TO CALL NAMES, SWINE!



TRYIN' TO PULL A FAST ONE BY HAVING THAT CROOKED CROSS PINNED ON MY PLANE, EH?



BUT THE OTHER IMPOSTER INTERVENES.

TAKE DOT!



QUICKLY, SNATCHING THE PLANS FROM THE PROSTRATED FIGURE, THE TWO NAZIS RUN TO A CAR. . .

HURRY, OTTO! HE'S OUT COLD!

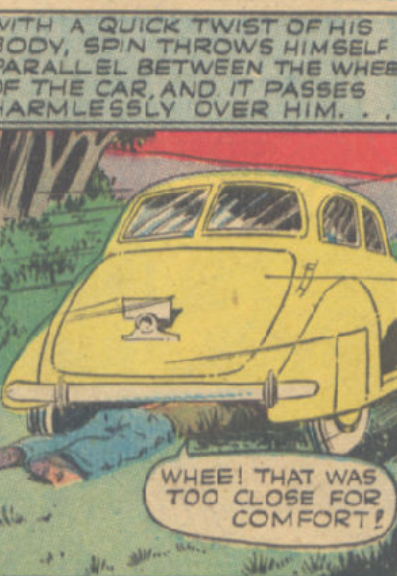


THE EFFECTS OF THE BLOW QUICKLY WEAR OFF AND SPIN ATTEMPTS TO STAGGER TO HIS FEET. . .

HE'S GETTING OPP! RUN HIM DOWN. . . HIT HIM MIT DER CAR!



WHAT. . . THEY'RE GOING TO CLIP ME!



WITH A QUICK TWIST OF HIS BODY, SPIN THROWS HIMSELF PARALLEL BETWEEN THE WHEELS OF THE CAR, AND IT PASSES HARMLESSLY OVER HIM. . .

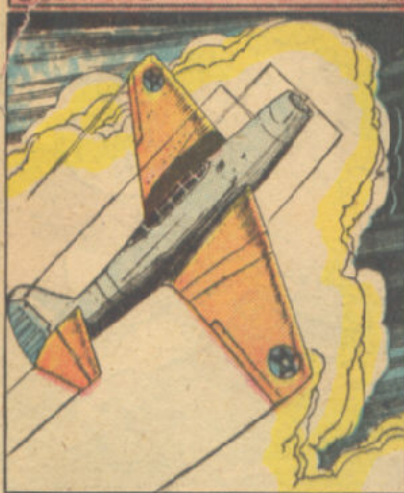
WHEE! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!



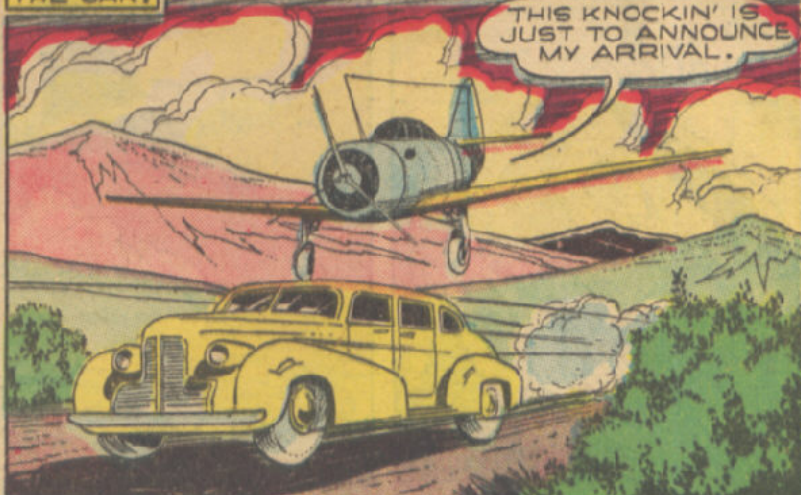
REGAINING HIS FEET HE DASHES TO HIS PLANE AND VIOLENTLY TEARS THE SWASTIKA OFF.

I'M GOING TO MAKE THEM EAT THIS!

SPIN GUNS THE NAVY PLANE AND ZOOMS AFTER THE NAZIS ESCAPING WITH THE PAPERS.



HE QUICKLY OVERTAKES THEM, AND IN AN EFFORT TO FORCE THEM TO A STOP, BOUNCES HIS PLANE OFF THE TOP OF THE CAR.



ASTONISHED TO FIND SPIN OVERHEAD, THE STARTLED SPIES RESORT TO FIREARMS.



BUT THE NAVY ACE RETALIATES WITH A BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE.



AS THE IMPOSTERS ARE ABOUT TO SURRENDER, AN AUTOMOBILE TUNNEL LOOMS UP BEFORE THEM.



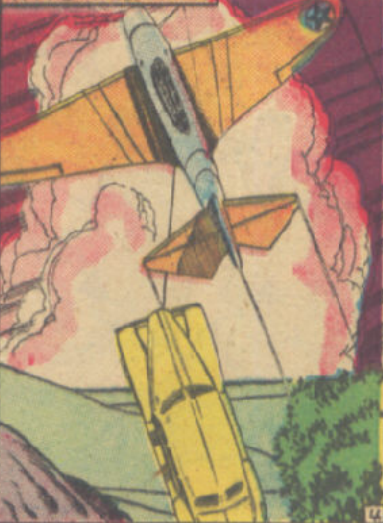
SPIN ALSO SPOTS THE TUNNEL, AND DESPERATELY LOOKS ABOUT FOR SOMETHING TO PREVENT HIS QUARRY FROM ESCAPING.



WITH THE TUNNEL ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY, THE HOOK IS DROPPED OVER THE BUMPER.



AND THE CAR IS WHISKED INTO THE AIR.



THE PETRIFIED NAZI GASPS WITH FEAR AS THEIR VEHICLE LEAVES THE GROUND.

HALP!

DONDER!
VE'LL BE
KILT!

DANGLING IN MID-AIR, THE CAR IS CARRIED THROUGH THE SKIES.

I HOPE THIS GRAPPLING HOOK HOLDS OUT UNTIL WE REACH THE ARMY FIELD!

WHEN HE ARRIVES AT THE FIELD, SPIN CIRCLES LOW AND CUTS THE EXCESS BAGGAGE LOOSE.

BOY! LOOK AT THAT BABY BOUNCE!

QUICKLY LANDING, SPIN SEES THE NAZIS CRAWLING FROM THE SHATTERED CAR.

OH! OH!
THEY'RE TRYING
TO GIVE ME
THE SLIP!

UGHH!

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

HERE'S PART
PAYMENT OF
WHAT I OWE
YOU!

FOLLOWING UP HIS FIRST KAYO, SPIN TURNS ON THE OTHER SPY, AS SOLDIERS COME RUNNING UP.

NOW...I'LL TAKE
THOSE PAPERS
YOU BORROWED.

THE TWO ENEMY AGENTS ARE TURNED OVER TO THE ARMY.

GOOD
WORK, SHAW!
HOW ABOUT
TAKING TIME
OUT?

NO THANK
YOU, I'VE GOT
TO DROP THESE
PAPERS IN
WASHINGTON
AND SEE ABOUT
A RAT ON MY
SHIP!

RED RYDER Shows You HOW TO SHOOT

THE OFFICIAL RED RYDER SADDLE SHOOTING POSITION



STIRRUP STANDING POSITION—OFFICIAL



RED RYDER OFFICIAL STANDING POSITION



RED RYDER KNEELING POSITION... SIT ON RIGHT HEEL... LEFT ELBOW ON LEFT KNEE



RED RYDER PRONE POSITION... BODY AT 45° ANGLE TO TARGET. SPINE IS STRAIGHT



NOTE THAT RED'S ELBOWS ARE UNDER BODY—CHEST OFF GROUND

KEEP YOUR TOES OUT, LITTLE BEAVER! IT WILL STEADY YOU



RED TELLS LITTLE BEAVER HOW

PLENTY GOOD FUN SHOOTUM TARGET YOU BETCHUM!



RED RYDER'S COWBOY SHOOTING LESSON

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